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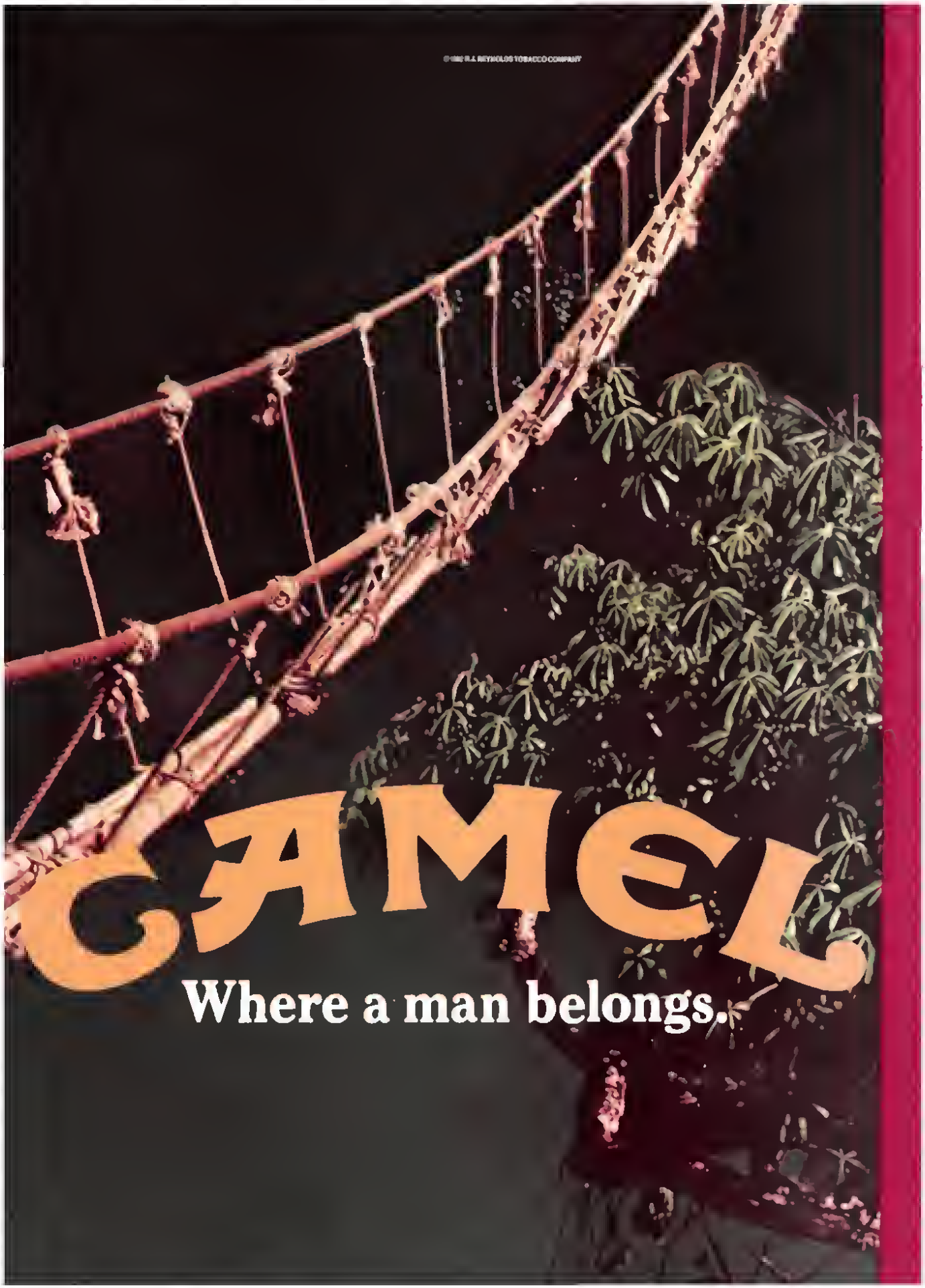
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Sports Illustrated

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

SWIMSUIT MODEL ALEXIS WAS, APTLY, A COMPETITIVE SWIMMER. SHE STILL WORKS OUT DAILY

If the models in this year's swimsuit pictures (*pages 54-73*), shot on the North Coast of Jamaica, appear to be in pretty darn good shape, it's no accident. In screening models, Associate Editor Jule Campbell has always looked for what she calls "a natural, healthy beauty." The models she chooses have this, and they work to keep it.

Cheryl Tiegs, who returns to our pages after four years, has adopted a strict daily workout schedule in the past year that involves some 45 minutes of exercises, followed by 10 miles of bicycling near her Long Island home in good weather or an equivalent amount of stationary cycling in bad.

Kim Alexis swam the butterfly and backstroke competitively for 12 years, starting when she was six. Nowadays she works out for two to three hours a day when she's home—doing aerobics, "the kind that make the muscles burn"—and running three to five miles. To prepare for this assignment she also went on a strict diet ("I wouldn't necessarily recommend it"), which featured steamed vegetables and fish with "lemon, *no* butter," and grapefruit. Kim is engaged, incidentally, to a Florida real estate broker who happened to be on safari in Kenya during the shooting of last year's SI swimsuit issue.

Carol Alt has been an all-around jock since sixth grade. She played basketball, volleyball, field hockey and lacrosse in high school on Long Island. Her conditioning these days includes workouts on a Nautilus machine at a Manhattan club, aerobics—while traveling she carries a cassette player that details aerobic routines, which she executes in her hotel room—and 23 minutes of biking. Why 23? "I don't know. It's a nice number, I guess," she says. Alt also ice skates, an activity she took up after meeting Ron Greschner of the New York Rangers last March. They are also engaged now.

Kelly Emberg was a competitive gymnast through ninth grade, after which she was a member of her high school drill team. Her regimen now includes 100 sit-ups a day, and she takes aerobics classes in Manhattan.

The shoot in Jamaica was 15-year-old Hillary Safire's first job as a model. She attends Colin McEwen High School in Malibu, Calif. until noon, then heads for the stables. She has been riding since she was three and has shown her horses, My Little Lady and Free 'n' Easy, since she was 10.

Paulina Porizkova, who's 17, also leads an active life. When she was three the Russians invaded her native Czechoslovakia to suppress the Dubček regime, and three days before the borders closed her mother and father escaped on a motorbike. "Two weeks later I got a postcard saying, 'Hello, we are in Sweden,' " says Paulina. Paulina was 10 by the time her parents got her out of Czechoslovakia and 14 when a woman on the street in Lund, Sweden suggested that she become a model. "Two weeks later I was in Paris," she says. She currently resides in the Latin Quarter and has picked up a little karate—from a single lesson in Lund and two black-belt boyfriends.

As for Senior Writer Kenny Moore, whose story on Jamaican sprinters begins on page 94, you should be as fit. Moore was an Olympic marathoner in 1968 and '72, and, as our readers are well aware, has never stopped running. The world got a look at *his* physique in the 1982 film *Personal Best* that was more revealing than any we've offered of our swimsuit models, past or present.

FORMER GYMNAST EMBERG IN A BACK WALKOVER

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Philip D. Hoblest

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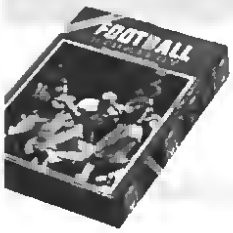

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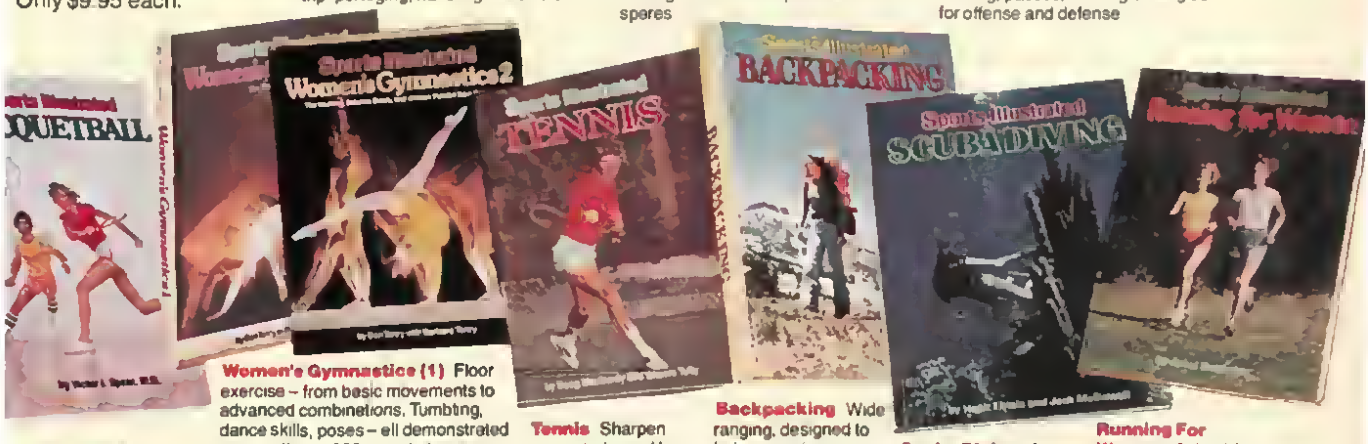

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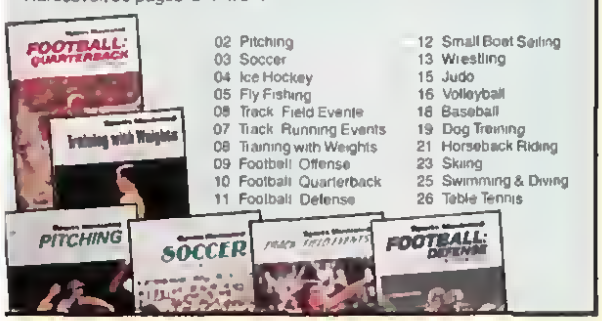

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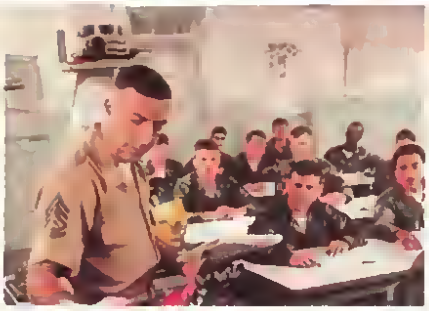

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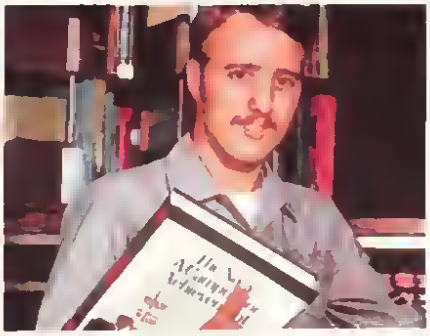

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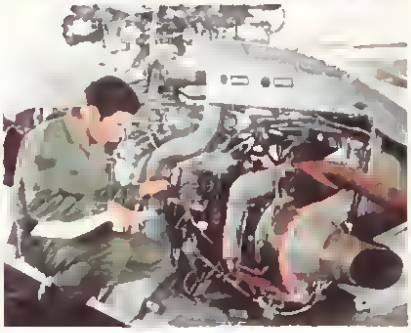

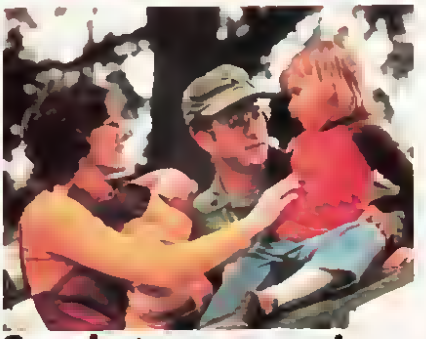

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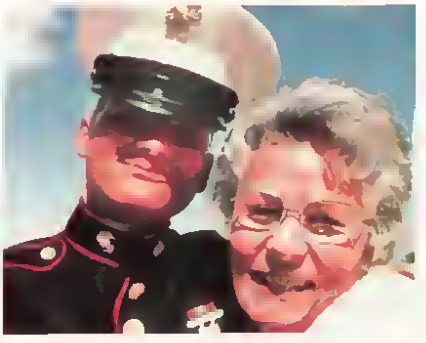

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Sideline

by RON GREEN

AFTER NEW ORLEANS, THE DELUGE: A TIDAL WAVE OF TAR HEEL MEMENTOS

It's been nearly a year since North Carolina's Tar Heels ended a quarter-century of frustration by defeating Georgetown 63–62 to win the NCAA basketball title. But if you walked into The Shrunken Head Boutique on Franklin Street in Chapel Hill today, you'd think they'd won it yesterday. A tape of Woody Durham, the voice of the Tar Heel Sports Network, machine-guns the play-by-play of that game: "... it's good, over the top of Ewing! Michael Jordan gets his 14th point!" The tape runs continuously every working day, and it's music to the ears of the customers—bank presidents from Charlotte, insurance salesmen from Greensboro, farm young 'uns from Pink Hill—who still flock to the store to buy a piece of the glory.

The championship ended 25 years of disappointment for the Tar Heels, and to Coach Dean Smith it was the end of 20 years of fielding one national power after another and falling short after reaching the Final Four six times. But for many other North Carolinians the win marked the start of a multimillion-dollar souvenir industry.

Within minutes after Sleepy Floyd's last desperate shot fell short in New Orleans' Superdome, T shirts and bumper stickers hailing the Tar Heels' championship were being sold on the streets of Chapel Hill. A university official says he knows of one student who took a chance, had 10,000 bumper stickers printed in advance of the opening tip-off and sold them within 24 hours after the game.

The Shrunken Head Boutique, which does its own printing, opened up after the game and peddled shirts and stickers right out of its front door.

When Carolina reached the finals in 1977, optimistic UNC school stores had iron-ons for T shirts all ready, but, alas, the Tar Heels lost to Marquette. The iron-ons were stored away, gathering dust. More cautious this time, the management of the school stores drew up designs for shirts but told the producers not to print and ship them until the title was secure. Faced with a two-day wait and not wanting better-prepared entrepreneurs to steal away potential profits, management hauled out the old iron-ons, snipped off the reference to 1977, ironed the decals onto shirts and sold close to 400 of them the day after the game.

Within three days, stores around the state had set up special sections for game souvenirs. The alumni newsletter and *Carolina Blue*, a newspaper devoted solely to UNC athletics, bristled with ads for championship goods.

This happens whenever and wherever college teams win championships, although not generally to the extent it happened in North Carolina. Or in neighboring South Carolina after Clemson won the mythical football title a few months earlier. Clemson people are wonderfully crazy, too.

The most popular Tar Heel items have been the usual—T shirts and bumper stickers. The Shrunken Head Boutique carries perhaps 25 different T shirts that tell the world who won, while the UNC school stores have an additional half-dozen styles. Other outlets phrase it their own way. The bestselling bumper stickers say things like DEAN IS MEAN IN NEW ORLEANS and NOW MORE THAN EVER, CAROLINA NCAA CHAMPIONS NO. 1 and BY DAMN DEAN DID IT and—straight to the point—ON THE SEVENTH TRY, DEAN CREATED A CHAMPION.

Also on sale, *proclaiming* the Tar Heels champs, are combs, pencils, pens, coffee mugs, napkins, ashtrays, banners, pillowcases, tennis towels, wristbands, beach towels and blankets, clocks, buttons, decals, pseudo license plates, photos, posters, plaques, paintings, key chains, paperweights, handkerchiefs, plastic telephone covers, several kinds of drinking glasses, greeting cards, umbrellas, liquid soap, sunglasses, bibs, aprons, can coolers, playing cards, golf balls, rugs, mirrors, a record entitled *Here we come New Orleans*, a cookie cutter shaped like a foot (Tar Heels, get it?) and even Christmas ornaments.

Clothing items include five-piece ensembles for infants, socks, shirts, belts, shoes, shoestrings, slacks, sweaters, windbreakers, underwear, caps, visors, cowboy hats, jogging shorts, jogging suits and nightshirts.

You can get a man's 10-karat-gold signet ring for $195 and a "Tar Heel Four Corner Rug" for $500. Don't laugh. The manufacturer of the rug says that

continued

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Right now, you can take advantage of three purchase options. **And most important, each three-coin proof set you purchase prior to April 5th, 1983 will reserve your right to purchase an equal number of the very limited, three-coin uncirculated set that will be offered in the future.** If you have already ordered a three-coin proof set from the U.S. Mint, you have already reserved this right.

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Olympic Coin Specifications—1983 and 1984 Silver Coins
Proof condition • 900 fine • One dollar denomination • 1.50 inch diameter (38.10 mm) • U.S. silver dollar size • 0.86 troy oz. in weight (26.73 g)—0.77 troy oz. silver (24.06 g) and 0.09 troy oz. copper (2.67 g)—traditional content for U.S. Silver Coinage.

Olympic Coin Specifications—1984 Gold Coin
Proof condition • 900 fine—21.6 karat • Ten dollar denomination • 1.06 inch diameter (27.00 mm)—U.S. Gold Eagle size • 0.538 troy oz. in weight (16.718 g)—0.484 troy oz. gold (15.046 g) and 0.054 troy oz. copper (1.672 g)—traditional content for U.S. Gold Coinage.

Note 1 The U.S. Mint will fill your prepaid order on a first-come, first-served basis. The first silver Olympic Coin (the 1983 coin) will be issued in early 1983. The remaining 1984 gold and silver coins will be issued in 1984.

Note 2 If you order the single-coin set, a 1983 Olympic silver coin will be shipped—in a beautifully designed display case—in early 1983. If you order the two-coin set, you will initially receive a two-coin display case in early 1983 containing only the 1983 silver coin. To complete your order, the 1984 silver coin will be forwarded to you in early 1984. If you order the three-coin set, you will initially receive a three-coin display case containing just the 1983 silver coin. The 1984 gold and silver coins will be sent to you in early 1984.

Note 3 Orders cannot be canceled by the customer.

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Silver Coin plus one
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he's sold more than two dozen of them.

Carolina Canners, Inc. of Cheraw, S.C. rushed Carolina Blue Soda onto the market and within two months had distributed 120,000 cases, 24 cans to the case. Carolina Blue Soda was a pale blue, grape-flavored drink. It sold for $1 a can in many stores but went for $2.59 a six-pack or 43¢ a can at Fowler's Food Store in Chapel Hill. Asked what Carolina Blue Soda was like, Linda Woods, one of Dean Smith's secretaries, thought for a moment and said, "It was like drinking your swimming pool."

Coca-Cola bottlers in North Carolina issued commemorative bottles of Coke that sold for 63¢ (the winners' score) at most major outlets. About 1.1 million were sold in the first month, and in July the bottlers gave the school a small percentage of the proceeds—some $21,000.

That was one of only three enterprises to which Smith, via radio spots, lent his name. He also wrote the foreword of a book, *March to the Top*, which was co-authored by one of his assistants, Eddie Fogler, and Art Chansky. And Smith is autographing 16×20 photographs, price $150 apiece, with proceeds going to the fund for the school's new $30.5 million, 21,100-seat athletic center. The photo, taken with six seconds left in the game, shows James Worthy dribbling the basketball after making the critical steal, with a scoreboard showing what was to be the final score in the background, along with some joyful Tar Heel players.

Smith turned down a number of offers from which he could have profited personally. He said he feels the school, not he, should benefit.

Except for the Coca-Cola bottles and the autographed photos, the school is receiving no income from the marketing blitz. As one might expect, Athletic Director John Swofford admits to mixed feelings about that. "Our biggest concern was that the merchandising be done in good taste," he says, "and generally it has. There have been pluses, such as free exposure for our program. And those who have produced these products had every right to do it because our logos [the school emblem, the UNC ram mascot emblem and the foot with tar on the heel] weren't registered trademarks.

"But more and more schools—Southern California, UCLA, Alabama and Florida for example—are licensing their logos and we're doing it, too, now. We don't want to take something away from the people who've supported our athletic program, but with the financial strain in colleges today, it's something to consider as a new source of revenue."

Swofford says he's been amazed at the extent of the fervor over the UNC championship. "There's not a great deal of difference in losing the championship game to a fine Indiana team the year before and winning the next year," he says, "but there obviously is with the public. It's just indicative, I suppose, of the Number One syndrome."

When asked to explain that syndrome among Tar Heel fans, Dr. James Wiggins, a UNC sociology professor, said, "I don't think anybody knows the answer. There haven't been, to my knowledge, any studies on the subject, and I wouldn't even venture a guess." Max Muhleman, a marketing executive in Charlotte, did venture a guess. "Ordinary people have few ways of associating with the team. When they buy a souvenir, they say to themselves, 'That's a little piece of James Worthy and the UNC championship.' I think part of it is a desire to impress others by associating themselves with a champion."

In The Shrunken Head, where you can buy your own Woody Durham play-by-play to listen to at home, the difference between being No. 1 and No. 2 is dramatic. Hanging on a wall, amid all the championship stuff, is one of the plaques the owners had made up before Carolina lost to Marquette in 1977. It reads, TAR HEELS, FIRST IN OUR HEARTS, FIRST IN THE NATION, NCAA CHAMPIONS. ALMOST.

The "almost" was added after the game. The plaques were not big sellers.

So step right up, folks, and get your souvenir of the University of North Carolina Tar Heels' NC-two-A basketball championship, the greatest thing that's happened to the state in 25 years, with all due respect to David Thompson, Jesse Helms and the nuclear power plant.

Now here's a little something no household should be without. It's a half-gallon jug made of clear glass, narrow at the neck, as you can see, corked at the top, and right there inside it, sitting as pretty as you please, is a Carolina Blue Soda can, just like the cans you drink your Bud from. And, you'll notice, the jug is tastefully decorated with two strands of Carolina blue rope. Ain't she a beauty? She's yours for only $8.95. Now, you may be wondering how the can got inside that jug. . . . END

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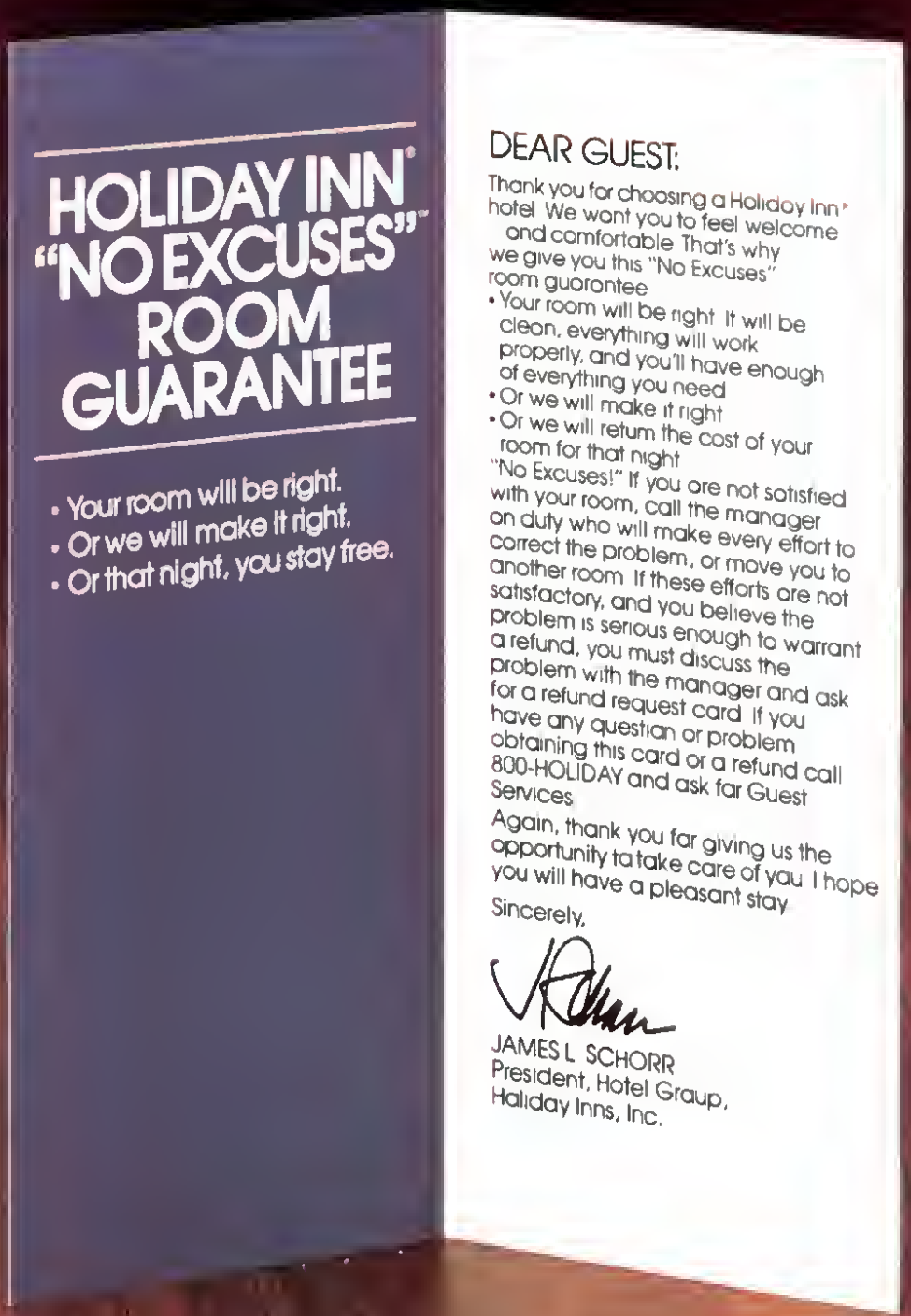

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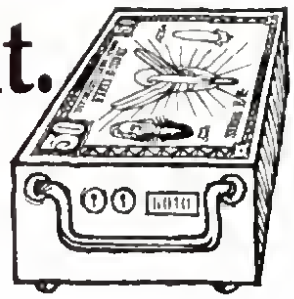

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BOOKTALK

by SARAH PILEGGI

AN OLD MINOR-LEAGUER WRITES ABOUT *SEATTLE WITH MAJOR LEAGUE PROBITY*

Emmett Watson is a former sportswriter who went "over the wall," as he puts it, in 1956 and for the next 26 years wrote a six-days-a-week general column for the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. In January 1982, having decided that 216,000 words a year was too much, Watson retired the daily column and set out to write his first book. The result is *Digressions of a Native Son* (The Pacific Institute, $7.95), an entertaining collection of Watson's reflections on the wet but wonderful city of his birth and some of its more memorable citizens, not excluding himself.

Watson is a reluctant, even surreptitious autobiographer, but his perceptions, formed by his Seattle experience as boy and man, are the glue that holds his disparate set of portraits together.

Watson played baseball at the University of Washington, fully intending to be a major-leaguer who would leave Seattle for Detroit, St. Louis or New York. His hopes, he says, were dashed by one Arthur Cummings. "It was Mr. Cummings," Watson writes, "who, late in the nineteenth century, developed the idea that, by cracking one's wrist at the precise moment of throwing a ball, you could deliver it with a downward spin."

Despite his inability to hit Mr. Cummings' curve, Watson was briefly a wartime, second-string catcher for the Seattle Rainiers of the old Pacific Coast League. Bill Skiff, his manager, when obliged to say something kind about his hometown property, told reporters, "He does one thing as well as any catcher I've ever seen. I have watched a few catchers in my time—Cochrane, Dickey, Hartnett and Harry the Horse Danning. I will tell you this. None of them could squat better than Watson."

Fortunately for Seattle's newspaper readers, Watson put his peerless squat to use at a typewriter. Baseball was his beat, but in time he wrote about all the major sporting events of the '50s and '60s. His essay on the calculatedly quixotic challenge of Olympic gold medalist

continued

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Pete Rademacher for Floyd Patterson's heavyweight title in 1957, an event that trained the klieg lights of national attention on staid, provincial Seattle, is the book's centerpiece. It was Watson who thought to ask Patterson the question everyone else had ignored. Did Patterson feel there was an element of racism in the bizarre match-up of a white amateur and the world heavyweight champion? The question opened a floodgate, and the usually reticent Patterson spoke bitterly, and eloquently, on the subject. The interview wasn't printed in the newspaper, because Watson's editors felt it might cause a riot the night of the fight, attitudes being what they were in 1957.

Watson's formative years coincided with the Great Depression. His youthful experiences at a time when part of Seattle's waterfront was a Hooverville, an area of shacks where homeless, jobless men took shelter, shaped him and his preferences in the people he writes about. He admires compassion and despises intolerance, and he takes pleasure in tooting the horns of people who wouldn't dream of tooting their own. His heroes, the subjects of these portraits, are a mixed bag ethnically, professionally, politically and economically, but they all tend to score high in conscience and low in pomposity. There is lawyer Jim Ellis, who single-handedly and single-mindedly led the fight that resulted in the restoration of polluted Lake Washington to its original Alpine clarity. There is Football Coach Leon Brigham, who built a tradition of tolerance and excellence at Garfield High School, whose student body was racially mixed and encompassed a wide family-income range. That tradition survived even the racial tensions of the '70s. There is Ron Fagan, an outcast, a derelict, who pulled himself together at 36, graduated with honors from Seattle University at 49, and became a national authority on the treatment of alcoholism. And for laughs there are the flacks, like Jack Macdonald, who persuaded state officials to tighten hunting license restrictions by hiring a blind man with a guide dog and taking him to a downtown hardware store and then publicizing the fact that the store happily sold the man not only a hunting license but a shotgun and ammunition as well.

This book shows that good cities are made by good people. Having a good journalist standing by ready to give credit where it's overdue helps, too. **END**

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HOT STOVE

by JANE GROSS

AN UNUSUAL MAGAZINE EXAMINES LIFE ON THE WOMEN'S SIDE OF THE DIAMOND

In the hiatus between the World Series and spring training Maryanne Ellison Simmons has had the time and the peace to muse on the experience of watching her husband, Ted, the Milwaukee Brewers' catcher, play in and lose the first World Series of his 13-year major league career.

Like most of the events of her married life, a misunderstood amalgam of privilege and deprivation, the Series was bittersweet, and Simmons shared it with the readers of her magazine, *The Waiting Room*, a quarterly publication she founded last May so that women in professional baseball could share their particular joys and pains.

The November issue, like the two that preceded it, contained a potpourri of poignant, wry and witty stories and snippets, some philosophical and some practical, most of them written by Simmons and Marsha Carver Littell, another baseball wife. Interspersed amid the copy, some of which was garnered from the answers to a questionnaire sent to 100 women whose lives in baseball spanned the period from 1933 to the present, were vibrant black-and-white photographs and cartoons. The typography was elegant, the paper glossy and the finished product rather like a sophisticated annual report, a testimony to Simmons' talent as an artist. She earned a bachelor of fine arts degree at the University of Michigan before deferring to her husband's career.

The magazine began taking shape in Simmons' mind in 1979 when her husband was with St. Louis and she wrote a booklet of advice for the young wives of Cardinal players. More recently she began noting the similarities between baseball wives and corporate wives. Both were expected to be seen and not heard, to be well-groomed and well-dressed, to serve their husbands' careers rather than develop their own, to uproot their families smilingly with each career move and to consider themselves blessed because they had big houses and fancy cars.

The difference, Simmons believed, was that corporate wives tended to be older and better able to cope with reflected fame, and that the corporations their husbands worked for had shown increasing sensitivity to family stresses while sports executives, as a rule, had not. She hoped that *The Waiting Room*—named for the areas set aside in ball parks in which wives and children wait while the players dress, hold interviews and sign autographs—would be a forum in which her peers could sound off, seek solace and find solutions to their problems.

"Eleven years. Twenty-nine moves. Fourteen cities. Nine different states," is how one active player's wife described her life. Another wrote, ". . . one of the major moving companies just offered me a job as a packer, and I don't think [the company] was being facetious." ". . . when my husband said he'd be gone a lot, I had no idea how much 'a lot' really means," said a third.

A woman who married into baseball in 1933 and who had a baby while her husband was off playing, wrote matter-of-factly that ". . . he couldn't come home. The baby didn't live." A woman who joined the baseball community in 1971 offered an eerie echo. "We have two children," she wrote. "One was born while we were in college. The second was born in 1976, and my husband was able to be with me. A third child died at birth, and my husband was in Seattle."

The most piercing commentary, which is termed bitter by some, comes from Littell, whose husband, Mark, is a Cardinal pitcher. She describes a baseball wife as someone who has "several 'nice' designer outfits for meeting the arriving husband at airports, and is always just the teensiest bit in the way." It is presumed, Littell writes, that a baseball wife is consumed by such activities as making scrapbooks and answering the telephone. "It is considered possible that once, long ago, she had a face and a personality of her own, *but* if she has [them] still she is expected to keep it decently to herself."

That point of view isn't appreciated by each one of the magazine's 140 subscribers, 75% of whom are baseball wives, with most of the remainder being relatives and friends. Simmons printed a letter from one wife who felt she hadn't become a nonentity. Another letter, which went unpublished, took exception to the tone. "She said we were too bitter and 'bitter' was underlined a bunch of times," says Simmons. "When this is your whole life and somebody pokes fun at it, you get defensive."

continued

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The magazine's tartest words, however, are reserved for the chauvinists who abound in professional sports, more often in the front office, television booth and press box than on the field or in the clubhouse. Last May's issue established the First Semi-Annual Jimmy Piersall Award, named for the White Sox broadcaster who appeared on a television show in September 1981 and called baseball wives "horny broads" who chase husbands, money and security. The first award was given to an unnamed West Coast general manager who, in the mid-'70s, is said to have lamented that all his players weren't single and content to satisfy their needs with prostitutes. The November issue reprinted a memo from Fred Shero, the former NHL coach, defining acceptable conduct for wives. It began, "How can you as Mrs Hockey Player become a member of the hockey club without ever scoring a goal?" Eight rules followed. The first: "Talk about other players only as you want heard about your own husband." The issue also included a section from the 1954 Dodger yearbook warning that many a ballplayer has been traded because of an unsuitable wife.

The magazine, which in its rare self-indulgent moments sounds like an outdated consciousness-raising session, also offers practical advice. Matters discussed to date include how to make investment decisions, how to decide whether to buy or rent a house, how to guard one's privacy by shunning personalized license plates and bank checks imprinted with one's home address and how to survive after baseball.

Simmons is somewhat disappointed that so few wives have contributed articles. She's also concerned about the lack of subscription interest among the nearly 500 major league wives. "I need 400 subscribers to break even," says Simmons, who spends $4,000 per issue on printing, typesetting, photography and postage. "Issue by issue, we're trying to stay above water." Nonetheless, she expects to be publishing for at least another year. The latest issue will be out at the end of this month.

So far, Simmons has elected not to broaden her focus to all professional sports, but nonetheless has two subscribers who are married to NFL players. A one-year subscription costs $40 and is available from *The Waiting Room*, P.O. Box 7, Chesterfield, Mo. 63017. **END**

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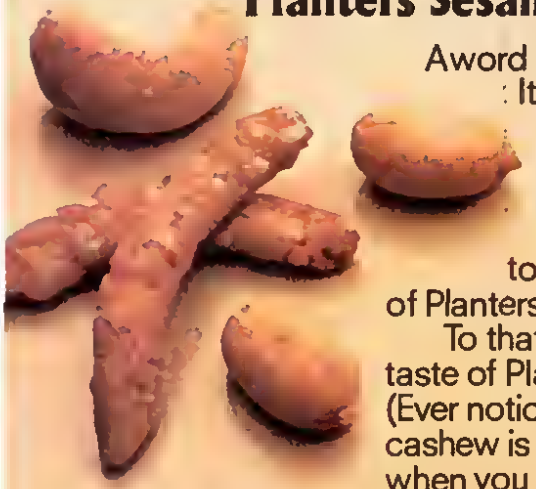

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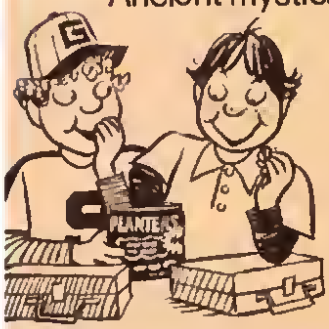
And, finally, add Planters golden sesame sticks with their good-for-you nutty taste and abundant cruunnch. Just one cruunnch and your hand will go slavishly from our mix to your mouth.

And yet, perhaps those exotic sesame sticks are the most beguiling. Ancient mystics claimed sesame possessed magical powers. (Wasn't it the favorite snack of genies?)



Naturally this mix is enough to make your belly dance with delight. But while bedtime snackers may love them, the crunchy crescendo can keep the Sandman from someone trying to sleep. And kids snacking them in the lunchroom can drown out the sounds of lunch with their crackling crunch. So handle Sesame Nut Mix with caution. You'll be seduced.

Deliciously.

PLANTERS®

The one to crunch when you want to munch.

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1983 FORD LTD

New Ford LTD. Reshaped. Refined.

From the smooth ride, to the new driver-designed seating position, the quiet new LTD has one target: your comfort.

The logical placement of instruments. The handling. The feel of the seats. Every inch of the 1983 LTD has been human engineered for a uniquely comfortable driving experience.

Reshaped.

The aerodynamic hood. The cant of the rear window. Smoothness everywhere means LTD needs only 6.7 horsepower to push it through the wind at 50 mph.

Refined.

With a streamlined deep-well trunk in back and luxurious reclining front seats inside, you will find form and function, space and comfort. Optional electronics include: digital instrumentation • new electronic station seeking radio • Tripminder® computer.

The LTD Brougham standard cloth interior. Contoured reclining front seats with fold-down armrests and convenient coin tray.

New LTD Technology.

Technology for 1983 is state-of-the-art: smooth-riding gas-filled shocks, optional 3.8 liter V-6 with automatic overdrive, or available for order, a propane-powered 4-cylinder engine.

And all of this advanced technology adds up to a totally pleasurable driving experience. Experience it for yourself in the totally new Ford LTD.

Every inch an LTD.

Get it together—Buckle up.

HAVE YOU DRIVEN A FORD...LATELY?

Ford

FORD DIVISION

SCORECARD

EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

NATIONALISM AND THE GAMES

The U.S. Olympic Committee has given its blessing to a combative advertising campaign by the Miller Brewing Co., the sponsor of the U.S. Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs. In TV commercials and ads that have appeared in 10 magazines, including SI, Miller is soliciting donations to the center with this ringing exhortation: LET'S WIN THE GAMES AGAIN.

That's hardly the first chauvinistic note to be injected into the Olympics, of course. The founder of the modern Games, Baron de Coubertin, wanted athletes to participate as individuals rather than as members of teams representing countries, a spectacularly unrealistic dream still echoed in a section of the IOC charter that describes as "dangerous" to Olympic ideals "certain tendencies" toward the "national exaltation of the results gained." That the IOC itself allows the playing of national anthems and the raising of national flags during Olympic medal ceremonies hasn't exactly discouraged those tendencies. At any rate, nationalistic exaltation of Olympic deeds isn't limited to any one country, witness the patriotic fervor following the Soviet win in basketball in 1972 and the U.S. ice hockey victory in 1980.

But the idea of a country "winning the Olympics," as distinct from winning a basketball or hockey game, is another matter. A national winner has never been officially selected at the Olympics, and efforts by the press to designate one unofficially by means of points haven't worked out very well. There's the question of how many points to assign placings in events; if one country wins 38 gold medals and 22 silver medals and another country 31 golds and 35 silvers, which has "won?" And should victories in team sports such as basketball and soccer count as one medal or multiple medals? What about countries like East Germany, Hungary and Finland, which may not win the most medals but do exceptionally well on a per capita basis?

For a long time such considerations were no impediment to those bent on declaring national triumphs. The U.S. was accepted as the "winner" of most of the early summer Olympics, and in 1948 the USOC actually included in its official report press-compiled point totals indicating that the U.S. had outscored runner-up Sweden 759 to 435¼ in that year's Summer Games in London. The Soviet Union began competing in the Olympics in 1952, and soon Soviet officials were talking openly of "winning" the Games. In fact, except for 1968, when the U.S. fared better overall, the U.S.S.R. probably would have "won" every Summer Olympics since 1956 had there been official standings.

With the easing of Cold War tensions, though, an odd thing happened. Not only did the USOC stop printing point totals—given the U.S.S.R.'s athletic prowess, that's not surprising—but the world press has pretty much stopped doing so, too, generally confining itself instead to the tabulation of comparative medal counts. And for all the importance they continue to attach to strong Olympic showings by their athletes, even Soviet officials seem to speak less openly these days about "winning" the Games. Indeed, the reigning Olympic etiquette now seems to frown on bold assertions of national victory.

According to Todd Clay, a spokesman for Miller High Life, USOC officials resisted before giving their consent to Miller's "let's win the Games again" pitch. "They said, 'Wait a minute. America doesn't win the Games, individuals do,' " Clay relates. "But we felt it would be easier to raise money if we worked the national pride angle."

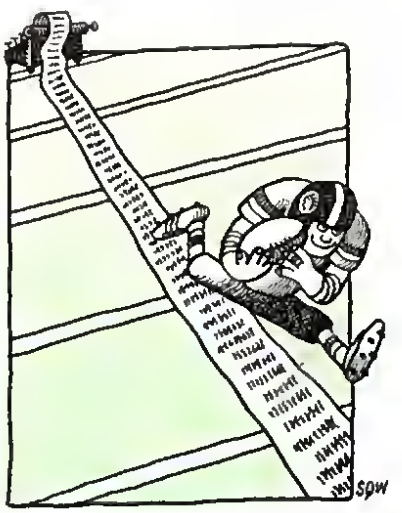
It's possible to argue that Miller's ad campaign merely reflects the nationalistic realities of the Olympics. But a case can also be made that, in view of the rampant jingoism that otherwise infects the Games, the taboo against talk of national Olympic victory is worth honoring. Miller and the USOC probably would have been better advised to do just that.

DON'T SELL GREG SHORT

By way of touting West Virginia Guard Greg Jones for All-America basketball honors, the school's acting sports information director, Joe Boczek, has circulated among sportswriters a rundown of the player's stats under the heading, The Greg Jones Average, a play on the Wall Street figures put out by Dow Jones. The release also contains testimonials from rival coaches like Ohio State's Eldon Miller, who says, "When the game is on the line, Greg Jones is amazing," and Marshall's Bob Zuffelato, who says, "You can't stop Greg Jones. You can only hope to control him." In what may be the most forthright admission ever made by an SID, Joe Boczek refers to these remarks as "stock quotations."

49 YARDS AND A CLOUD OF NEWSPRINT

The nation's capital has gone bonkers over its Super Bowl champion Redskins, and so has the hometown newspaper, *The Washington Post*. Though that prestigious and otherwise unparochial publication always goes happily overboard when it comes to the Skins, it clearly outdid itself in the editions of Jan. 30. That, of course, was Super Sunday, the day Washington would beat Miami 27–17 in Pasadena. The *Post* marked the occasion by running no fewer than 33 advance stories on the big game, including features on Coach Joe Gibbs, on the Redskins' favorite sandwiches—Dave Butz favors tuna fish with either relish or mayonnaise, which sounds more like the ladies' shopper's special than sustenance for a 295-pound defensive tackle—and on storied Redskin teams of bygone years.



To appreciate just how extensive the *Post's* pre-Super Bowl coverage was, it helps to know that the paper ran 22 sto-

continued

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Staff Since 1977

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SCORECARD *continued*

ries on Jan. 20, 1981 on the release of the American hostages in Iran and 22 stories on March 31, 1981 on the assassination attempt on President Reagan, to name two other big news events of recent years. Counting photographs, drawings, charts, rosters and statistical matter, the *Post*'s Super Sunday coverage added up to 1,767 column inches. That works out to 49 yards, 15 more than the total yardage gained by the Dolphins in the second half of the loss to the Redskins.

SUPER COINCIDENCES

A year ago in this space (SCORECARD, Feb. 15, 1982) we reported that for four straight years the last NFL club to beat a Bum Phillips-coached team had gone on to win the Super Bowl—the Steelers in 1978 and 1979 (winners over Phillips' Oilers in the AFC championship game each time), the Raiders in 1980 (winners over the Oilers in the AFC wild-card playoff game) and the 49ers in 1981 (winners over Phillips' New Orleans Saints in the regular-season finale). Omen seekers please note that after losing to the Redskins 27–10 in the penultimate game of the 1982 regular season, Phillips' Saints proceeded to beat the Falcons in the season finale but didn't qualify for the playoffs, which means that Phillips once again suffered his last loss of the season to the eventual Super Bowl winner.

Another Super Bowl coincidence—or portent, if you wish—is that the underdog has now won three years in a row. And coming on the heels of the Super Bowl triumph by the Joe Montana-led 49ers in 1982, this year's victory by Joe Theismann's Redskins will no doubt inspire future Super Bowl speculators to put considerable stock in Notre Dame quarterbacks named Joe—assuming, of course, that any more players meeting that description come along.

HEART-TO-HEART TALK

You've heard sportscasters covering exciting events say, "Boy, this one's a heart-stopper," but there was one college basketball game recently that came close to literally fitting that ordinarily figurative description. During a 59–53 upset of Purdue, South Carolina Basketball Coach Bill Foster, 52, finding the action a little too much to take, complained a couple of times that he wasn't feeling well. Foster was examined by the team

continued

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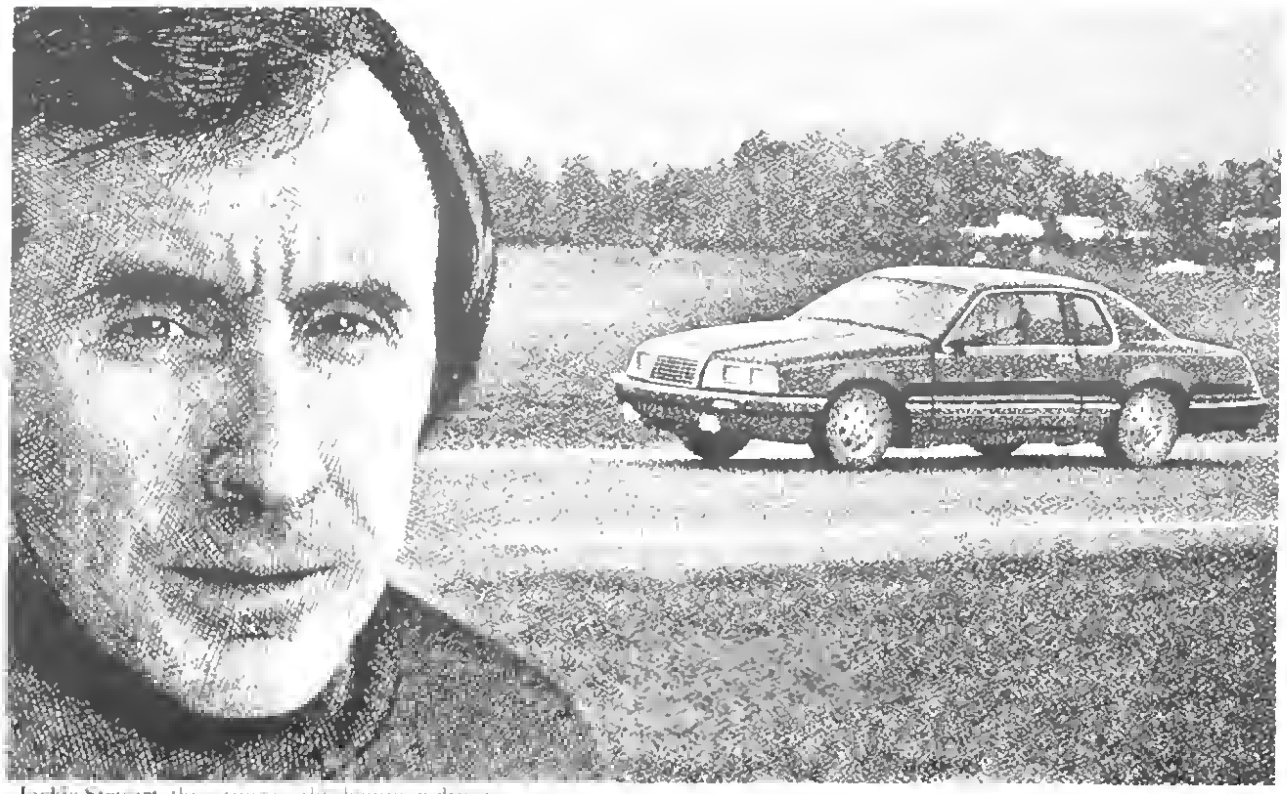


Jackie Stewart, three time world champion driver now consultant to Ford Motor Company
Get it together—buckle up

Aerodynamics. It's got to do more than just save gas.

It can if it's properly designed.

For example, aerodynamics can help keep your engine cool, provide a quietness inside the cabin of the car and, more importantly, help make your car handle better.

The tunnel can't lie

There are pretty cars, and aerodynamic cars. Cars that combine both qualities come out of the wind tunnel. There are some visual hints that will help you decide which cars combine both good looks and good aerodynamics.

A few hints

Are the side view mirrors tucked away out of the slip stream? Does the air dam extend well below the front bumper? Are the windshield, hood and front fenders raked back at a steep angle?

When the engineers get it right, you have a car that slips down the highway quietly going about its business without taking too much out of the driver or his pocketbook.

Case in point: the 1983 Ford Thunderbird. It has all those good aerodynamic qualities and, best of all, a drag coefficient of 0.35. One of the lowest of any car in its class.

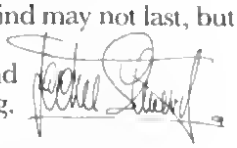
Pretty, but practical

But what I find really interesting is that the people at Ford have done this with a system of aerodynamics that also produced cars that are road worthy and display good manners at highway speeds.

That's because the designers and engineers didn't work in a vacuum. Every one of today's new generation of Ford Motor Company cars had to prove itself in the wind tunnel and on the test track. The results show that it was worth that extra effort.

Light at the end of the tunnel

Words written on the wind may not last, but I have a feeling that cars designed in the wind will be with us for a long, long time.



Ford has it. Now.

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physician right after the game, and was rushed to a hospital. Four days later he underwent a quadruple coronary bypass operation. Foster, recovering nicely, is now back home but isn't yet ready to resume coaching.

By coincidence, just a few days after Foster's heart attack, physicians from the Washington (D.C.) Cardiovascular Institute conducted an experiment during a Georgetown-American University basketball game. This, too, was an upset, with American defeating the Hoyas 62–61. Before the game the doctors fitted American Coach Ed Tapscott with a portable heart monitor, a device about the size of a pack of cigarettes, with electrodes that were affixed to his chest.

Twenty-two minutes before game time, Tapscott's heartbeat was 68 to the minute, just about his normal rate, but at tipoff it had risen to 74. It continued to rise, reaching a high stress point with 13:44 left in the game, at which juncture American led by 13 points. Tapscott was stalking tensely up and down the sideline, and as the Hoyas' Patrick Ewing picked up his fourth personal foul, the heart rate touched 170.

But it was back down around 130 as the game ended, despite a furious Georgetown rally that turned the game into a cliffhanger, and it resumed its normal rate in reasonable time. The cardiologists indicated that, unlike Foster, the 28-year-old Tapscott, who is in top physical shape, was none the worse for his stressful evening. One of them, Dr. Richard N. Scott, said, "A pulse rate of 170 isn't uncommon for someone with a limited outlet for cardiovascular energy, in the sense that he is not a participant. I suspect Patrick Ewing's heart rate didn't go over 70 or 80. But Eddie Tapscott didn't have a release except by pacing up and down."

SIGN OF THE (HARD) TIMES DEPT.

As Brad Berry, a down-on-his-luck radio-TV time salesman and sometime broadcaster in Phoenix, tells it, "I was lying in the sun, drinking a beer, waiting for the mailman to come with my unemployment check and facing the dilemma of being out of work, when I realized, 'Hey, I got to do something to get myself involved in the community again.'" Thus was born the Unemployed Co-Ed Slo-Pitch Softball League. The city parks department waived the usual fee for a playing field, a sporting goods store provided free equipment and another concern came through with trophies. The new league has 65 players and this eligibility rule: Players lucky enough to land jobs are bounced.

THE NEW MATH, PENGUIN-STYLE

As of Sunday the Pittsburgh Penguins had a 12–35–7 record, the worst in the NHL, and their fans—what few (barely 9,000 per game in the 16,033-seat Pittsburgh Civic Arena) there were of them—were restive, as evidenced by the banner on display at a recent home game: NO CLASS PLUS NO PRIDE PLUS NO SCORING PLUS NO MUSCLE PLUS NO GUTS PLUS NO WINS EQUALS NO PLAYOFFS PLUS NO FANS.

MELLOW GEORGE

Everyone knows that when the New York Yankees don't win, owner George Steinbrenner treats his players like dogs. But how does Steinbrenner react to *dogs* that don't win? The answer came Saturday night at the Palm Beach (Fla.) Kennel Club where Army Brat, a bitch owned by Steinbrenner's wife, Joan, and two other individuals, finished seventh in a field of eight in the World Series of dog racing, the $120,000 Greyhound Grand Prix. Following the race, which was won by Comin Attraction, a bitch owned by Bob Riggin of Abilene, Kans., Steinbrenner turned to his wife and said sweetly, "You've got to realize that you won't win 'em all the time, honey." Now if George can only remember that when the Yankees start chasing the American League rabbit six weeks from now.

WHAT DOES YOUR FATHER DO?

The Seattle area has become home territory for quite a few former NBA players, and the offspring of some of them are beginning to make their presence known on local basketball courts. For instance, Troy Miles, son of Eddie Miles, the Seattle University star of the early 1960s who went on to become an NBA sharpshooter, is scoring 24.7 points per game for O'Dea High. Michael Bryant, son of former NBA guard and former SuperSonics Assistant Coach Emmette Bryant, has a 14.9 average at Franklin High. Kevin Love, whose father, Bob Love, starred with the Chicago Bulls and ended his career with the Sonics, is scoring 10.4 points a game for suburban Inglemoor High. Former NBA and ABA All-Star Center Zelmo Beaty's 6′ 4″ son Darryl is a forward at Sammamish High; Dorie Murrey Jr., whose father was a Sonic for a couple of seasons in the late '60s, is a backup center for Interlake High in Bellevue, and Sonic Coach Lenny Wilkens' son Randy plays guard for the junior varsity team at Lakeside, an academically tough school on Seattle's northside.

It should be noted that some of these NBA offspring have interests other than the sport that so dominated their fathers' lives. Randy Wilkens, for example, plays soccer, too, and Dorie Murrey Jr. is better in football than in basketball. As Marilyn Wilkens says, recalling the boyhoods of her husband, Lenny, and his friend Zelmo Beaty, "Lenny and Z grew up playing in the street. They played basketball every minute they could. These kids all have other things to do."

Still, Seattle obviously has a bumper crop of NBA-bred schoolboys. There's also at least one schoolgirl, Debbie Murrey. Dorie Murrey Jr.'s 5′ 8″ sister, who starts at forward for Sammamish High's girls' team. And there are other youngsters coming along who may also be expected to find their way onto local basketball courts. Current Sonic Guard Fred Brown and former NBAers Bob Hopkins, Rick Barry and John Tresvant all have sons in the Seattle area in grades three through eight.

THEY SAID IT

• Joe Morrison, the new football coach at South Carolina, on moving to Columbia after having coached at the University of Tennessee-Chattanooga and the University of New Mexico: "At least I can spell it. I spent five years learning to spell Chattanooga, then we moved to Albuquerque."

• Joe Altobelli, who required hospital care last month after falling off the dais at the first of several banquets he attended upon being named the Baltimore Orioles' new manager, "I'm on a streak. This is the fourth banquet in a row where I haven't fallen off the dais. Of course, the first two don't count because they handcuffed me to the head table."

• Jack Berkshire, basketball coach at Oglethorpe University: "We've been a little up and down all season, but I'd call that consistency." **END**

When you really get it all together.

Come Rain

Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 14, 1983

Or Shine

Old reliable Tom Kite tamed Pebble Beach's 7th hole and all the others during a record round setting up his victory in a Crosby that was sometimes sunny, but always soggy

by DAN JENKINS

Tom Kite may have wondered whether he was scattering asterisks all over the Monterey Peninsula last Saturday when he stunned Pebble Beach with a course-record 62, but inasmuch as that round of "housekeeping" golf more or less enabled him to win the Bing Crosby National Pro-Am, the most glittering event on the winter schedule, he must be granted his due for giving the 1983 PGA Tour a look of credibility. Kite captures Crosby has a more comfortable ring to it than Gil Morgan does whatever it was he did, or Keith Fergus wins something or other, or Bob Gilder comes through at wherever. Though Kite, a hardworking Texan, doesn't win all that often, it somehow feels as if he does because he's on the scoreboards as regularly as paint.

The soggiest and worst-attended Crosby in recent years wasn't really over after Kite shot his 10-under round with the help of bad-weather rules that allowed golfers to lift, clean and place their balls in the fairway before whacking their shots, but that 62 went a long way toward ending it. Kite is a steady, reliable fellow to begin with, and that score gave him the lead over a group of challengers that wasn't exactly the Hall of Fame. The Hall of Fame was farther back.

What Kite did on cold, rainy Sunday was simply try to keep warm and dry—and try even harder to keep his glasses clean. He did it very well, bagging a couple of early birdies and rocking back and forth for much of the round between a four- and five-shot lead over his nearest challengers, who, as Rex Caldwell later said, were "too miserable to get pumped up." Oh, by the way, one thing hasn't changed on the tour. Caldwell was second for the third week in a row—a string that has made him $95,000 richer.

Kite's closing round of 73 gave him a 72-hole total of 276, 12 under par and a safe two shots ahead of Caldwell and the reliable Calvin Peete. Toward the end of the round, Kite did have to gather himself up and "stop the bleeding," as they say. A bad tee shot, a three-putt and a poor iron and poorer bunker shot resulted in three straight bogeys on Pebble's 15th, 16th and 17th holes. But knowing that a par-5 on the 18th would bring him home with two strokes to spare, Kite cozily got one without incident or drama.

It is surprising to realize that this Crosby was Kite's biggest victory and only his fifth on the tour in 11 years. Before last week, despite all the prize money he banks ($341,081 in '82) and the consistency with which he appears in the scoring statistics (for each of the past two years he has had the lowest stroke average), Kite had won only the 1976 Bicentennial Classic, the 1978 B.C. Open, the 1981 Inverrary and the Bay Hill Classic in Orlando in 1982.

For three rounds the Crosby field is divided into three groups of 56 pros and 56 amateurs, which is to say movie stars, athletes and captains of various industries. Each group plays each of the three courses used by the Crosby: Cypress Point, Spyglass Hill and Pebble Beach. No one speaks of it, but there's always an "A" group carefully chosen so it will wind up at Pebble on Saturday. That's where the television cameras are. The eventual tournament winner doesn't always come from this group, but he does more often than not.

Kite was an "A" grouper last week, along with Jack Nicklaus and Tom Watson and Clint Eastwood and Jack Lemmon. They were all at Cypress Point on Thursday while Joe Inman was shooting a 65 at Pebble Beach to seize the opening-round lead. On Friday the glamour guys were at Spyglass Hill while young Ken Green was adding a 68 at Pebble Beach to his 66 from Spyglass for the 36-hole lead at 134. Fittingly, then, Pebble continued to be the layout that would most influence the final result when the "A" group got there on Saturday and Kite shot his remarkable score.

As Nicklaus noted, Pebble had "no fire in it" because of the absence of any real wind for the first three rounds and the dampness that permitted the pros to play preferred lies in the fairways. Until Sunday's rain and wind came along, the place was a pushover, and the lift, clean and place rule was a great equalizer.

Green's 66 at Spyglass on Thursday was written off as the same sort of accident as Inman's 65 at Pebble the same day, scores helped by the breezeless days. Let a Joe Inman or a Ken Green lift, clean and place before striking his fairway irons, and let him hit into soft, holding greens with no worries about the wind, and he will become as proficient as a Watson or a Nicklaus.

It's a bird, it's a plane, it's a Ram—the ball Watson put up a tree and, unhappily, it him.

But Green, a young man from Danbury, Conn. in his second year on the tour after being forced to regain his card through the PGA Qualifying Tournament for failing to earn much more than dinner money at McDonald's in 1982, wouldn't allow himself to be dismissed so easily. He had found out where the press room was and decided he liked being there. So he lifted, cleaned and placed the ball again on Friday for the 68 at Pebble that gave him a three-stroke lead on the field.

As the halfway Crosby leader, Green said the spotlight would definitely create a problem for him. "I've got to keep my mental mind in the right place," he said seriously, refusing to comment on his physical mind.

On Saturday, Green shot a one under 71 at Cypress Point. He struggled to a four over 76 on Sunday, winding up in a tie for seventh, a notch below his final-round playing partner, Nicklaus, who by winning $11,700 passed the $4 million mark in prize money.

Last week was the first time this year that Nicklaus and Watson have appeared in the same tournament, and they were, after all, returning to the site of the 1982 U.S. Open, in which Watson's chip shot on the 71st hole had won another of their classic duels. Unfortunately, the tameness of the courses disarmed them, and neither was a serious contender. Not that each man didn't have his moment. Nicklaus fired a 66 at Pebble on Saturday, which drew him to within five shots of Kite, but it was nothing to get excited about, he said, because "we aren't playing the real Pebble, not when you can put your hands on the ball."

Watson struck a shot on Thursday at Cypress that no one ever got his hands on. His nine-iron on the 18th got caught up in a tree and stayed there. It cost him a penalty shot, a double bogey and a share of the lead. He ended up with a 67 instead of a 65. "My game's kind of up in the air," he remarked. Watson finished tied with Green for seventh.

No player had looked less elite than Kite following the Crosby's first two rounds. He was seven strokes off the lead after a 69 and 72, and he'd missed the cut at Phoenix the week before—a genuine rarity for Kite. The night before his 62, Kite and his wife, Christy, had dinner with friends at a small restaurant in Carmel, and he said, "I'm trying to find a golf game." He didn't think it had strayed very far because he'd had five sub-par rounds in the Hope in late January, and except for a brief stretch of bad holes, he hadn't played all that poorly at Phoenix. "I'm kind of waiting for something to happen," he said.

Something did. Here's how you play Pebble Beach in 62 strokes: Drive, six-iron and 6-foot birdie at the 1st; chip to five feet and sink the putt for a birdie at the 2nd; two-putt for a par from 15 feet at the 3rd, two-putt for a par from 12 feet at the 4th; two-putt for a par from 30 feet at the 5th; wedge to three feet and sink the birdie putt at the 6th; eight-iron to 25 feet and sink the birdie putt at the 7th; six-iron to six feet and sink the birdie putt at the 8th; two-putt for par after a four-wood second at the rugged 9th. Turn in 31, gather momentum.

On the back side, Kite saved par at the 10th with a bunker shot and an 8-foot putt. Then he was off again: Nine-iron and 6-foot birdie putt at the 11th; three-iron and 35-foot birdie putt at the 12th; five-iron and 12-foot birdie putt at the 13th; wedge to one foot and "slip that baby in" for a birdie at the 14th, pitch in with a wedge from 40 yards for a birdie at the 15th—that'll sure save putts—chip to three feet and save par at the 16th; blast out of a bunker and sink a 10-foot putt to save par at the 17th; two-putt for a par from 18 feet at the 18th. Back in 31. "I can't tell you how much fun it is to shoot 62 at Pebble Beach with people cheering for you," Kite said afterward.

The question of the asterisk was brought up because Kite's 62 was aided and abetted by all the housekeeping the players were allowed to do before hitting their fairway shots. "There's no question it was easier," he said. "But in five years, nobody's going to remember that I got to lift, clean and place. All they'll see is the 62 in the book. Heck, in five years all I'll remember is the number." **END**

The Doggone Bruins May Go All The Way

Terrier-like goaltending by Pete Peeters and rabid forechecking by a pack of unknowns have brought dreams of glory back to Boston Garden

by JACK FALLA

High up in the dark and smoky regions of the Boston Garden the belief is growing that the current edition of the Bruins—a faceless bunch in comparison with some of its illustrious predecessors—might well bring the Stanley Cup back to Causeway Street. "I saw Eddie Shore and those guys win the Bruins' first Cup in '29, and I saw Orr and Esposito win it in '70 and '72, and I'll tell you, this club could do it," says 63-year-old Roger Naples, president of the Garden's Gallery Gods, the 648 hard-core fans who have made a home of the first two rows of the second balcony and the back of the east-side first balcony.

Last week the Gods were pleased, for the Bruins were skating along with the best record in all the NHL. At the Garden they came from two goals down to tie Winnipeg 2–2 Monday, surged back from the same deficit to beat Quebec 5–3 Thursday and coasted over Hartford 7–4 on Saturday. On Sunday they journeyed to Buffalo, where they won 5–1.

"This group is completely different from any other Boston team I've seen," says Naples, who claims to have missed only four Bruin home games in the last 44 years. "This team doesn't have the big scorers, and you don't see the bench-clearing brawls anymore. The Big Bad Bruins are gone. Nobody comes here saying, 'Let's see a shootout and a free-for-all.' This is a bunch of kids who'll check you all over the ice. Look at them. They work like dogs."

And they're beginning to cotton to that canine handle. "About six weeks ago, [right wing] Keith Crowder started calling us the Dogs because of the way we work and check," says General Manager Harry Sinden, who by means of a 50% turnover in players the past 22 months has converted Boston from an aging team of playoff losers—three games to none to Minnesota in the first round in 1981—to a young pack of Cup contenders. "They're all dogs," says Sinden. "They want to be dogs. They think a dog is a great thing to be."

From the opening whistle the Bruin forecheckers are indeed relentless at hounding their opponents. "We'll have

Peeters kicks away yet another shot while extending his unbeaten streak to 29 games.

two forwards—and sometimes all three forwards—deep in the offensive zone, working for the puck," says Coach Gerry Cheevers. "but I don't let our defensemen rush in very often. That way even if all our forwards get trapped, the worst we're going to give up is a three-on-two, which isn't really that high a percentage opportunity."

As a Boston goaltender in the glory years of Orr and Phil Esposito, Cheevers faced more than his share of two- and three-on-ones as the Bruins committed everyone but the stick boy to the attack. The idea was that a 9–7 win was just as good as 2–0.

"Now goals are precious to us," says Sinden, "not so much because we don't score that many as because we know we have the ability to protect the goals we get. We can go into the third period with a one- or two-goal lead and make it stand up." Indeed, through Sunday the Bruins were winning games by an average score of 4.03 to 2.63. Their defense, stingiest in the league at giving up goals, has been strong enough to support a so-so ninth-place offense.

The most conspicuous part of that defense has been the goaltending of first-year Bruin and fourth-year NHLer Pete Peeters, the hottest net-minder west of the U.S.S.R.'s Vladislav Tretiak. Peeters, who came to Boston in a trade with the Flyers last spring for Defenseman Brad McCrimmon, is kicking out shots and sparking the Bruins' breakout play in a style reminiscent of Cheevers'.

"The trade was an out-and-out steal," says Cheevers. "Pete gives us the established starting goaltender we've lacked in recent years. . . . What can I say about him? The stats say it all."

What the stats say is that, with his win Sunday night, Peeters ran his personal unbeaten streak to 29 games (24–0–5), two games better than the NHL rookie record he set with Philadelphia in 1979-80 and only three short of the all-time NHL mark of 32 games set by Cheevers in 1971-72.

"I hope he breaks my record," says Cheevers, "but I'm not letting his streak affect my rotation." Thus, last week Cheevers gave backup Goalie Marco Baron what figured to be the easier start against Hartford while saving Peeters for Sunday's game with tougher Buffalo.

Peeters, who received 158 of a possible 165 votes by the hockey writers who picked the teams for Tuesday's All-Star Game, at week's end had the lowest goals-allowed average in the league (2.16) and led the NHL in save percentage (.909) and in shutouts (seven). He's almost certain to break the Bruins' record for shutouts—the great Terry Sawchuk had nine in 1955-56.

Peeters, 25, is deceptively slow-talking and sleepy-eyed. In fact, teammate Mike Milbury called him Gomer Pyle until a dramatic outburst of temper caused a hurried change of nickname. Late in an Oct. 21 game in Peeters' native Edmonton, with the Bruins leading 5–0, he gave up a pair of seemingly meaningless goals, but on each he claimed to have been interfered with by Edmonton forwards. When Referee Ron Hoggarth ignored Peeters for the second time, he charged out of his net, threw his gloves at the ref

continued

The visored Bourque is scoring in scads.

and screamed, "If you think it's so much fun playing goal, then you play it!" He was thrown out of the game.

"Now we call him Doc," explains Crowder, "as in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

So far the Bruins have seen a lot more of the gentlemanly Dr. Jekyll than the demonic Mr. Hyde. After a shutout, Peeters will circulate around the Bruins' dressing room and thank his teammates individually for their defensive efforts. But it was the Hyde side that brought him to Boston in the first place.

Toward the end of last season in Philadelphia, the Flyers attended that city's hockey writers' annual dinner and roast at a time when Peeters was brooding over what appeared to be a delayed sophomore slump (his goals-against average would end up a disappointing 3.71). A writer playing the role of Peeters appeared on stage with a red goal-judge's light in his mouth. The next day, when the writer came into the Flyers' dressing room, Peeters and two teammates stripped him, dragged him into the shower and inserted a red bulb in such a way as to give him a taillight. The writer dropped plans to file charges when Peeters, cooling off, apologized. The only thing Peeters will say now about the incident is, "Coming on top of my bad year, I *knew* I'd be traded."

With Boston, Peeters has regained his rookie form. "He does more than stop the puck," says veteran Defenseman Brad Park, "he breaks up plays and he gets the puck up to us. The guy is like a third defenseman."

Peeters learned his freewheeling style in 1979-80 from the Flyer goalie coach at the time, Jacques Plante, who had been the roving net-minder of the extraordinary Montreal teams of the '50s. Plante did not see the goalie's crease as a kind of Maginot Line. He persuaded Peeters that his job was not only to stop shots but, wherever possible, to stop shooting opportunities.

On Thursday, while the Bruins' dogged checking held Quebec's high-scoring Stastny brothers to a total of three shots on goal, Peeters repeatedly short-circuited the Nordiques' tic-tac-toe passing by intercepting their centering plays and poke-checking pucks away from their forwards. At one point, with the Bruins clinging to a 4–3 lead, he jabbed the puck off the stick of top-scorer Peter Stastny before Stastny could get off a shot.

Peeters' flashy play sometimes causes observers to overlook what his defensemen are doing in front of him, which is allowing opponents only about eight shots on goal per period. Chief among them is 22-year-old Raymond Bourque. "How good is Raymond?" says Cheevers, who has a stable of thoroughbred horses. "Raymond's so strong and fast I'd like to see him go a mile and a half on the turf in a stakes race." "I can't believe what he does with his passes," adds Peeters. "He threads the puck through legs and feathers it over sticks."

And he can shoot, too. Bourque's 40-foot slapshot in the third period gave Boston its tie with Winnipeg. On Thursday he scored a goal on a brilliant dash from the right point—he's the one defenseman Cheevers hasn't shackled to the blue line—and later fed Right Wing Rick Middleton with what proved to be the game-winner. On Saturday, Bourque ran his scoring streak to 11 games (five goals, 11 assists, 16 points) with a pair of goals. "Joe Theismann isn't the Quarterback of the Year," one fan says. "Ray Bourque is."

Bourque, Sinden's first-round 1979 draft choice (eighth overall) and a first-team All-Star last season, is the nearest thing to Bobby Orr since Bobby Orr. That's not to disparage the rest of the Bruin defense, the most solid in the league. Park, Milbury and Mike O'Connell are able veterans. Journeyman Marty Howe is playing the best hockey of his heretofore undistinguished career. Rookie Randy Hillier has done so well that he kept this year's No. 1 NHL draft choice, 6′ 4″, 220-pound Gord Kluzak, from winning a steady job on defense until late January, when Hillier went out of the lineup with a hip pointer.

Says Milbury, "It's easy to play defense when you know you're not expected to contribute a lot of offense. Bourque and O'Connell rush the puck sometimes, but Gerry wants us to get it over the red line and dump it in. Let the forwards go to work."

That is to say, unleash the dogs. Their tenacity as forecheckers, said Ranger Coach Herb Brooks after Boston's 3–1 win on Jan. 24 in New York, "forces you to do things you don't want to do."

One of those things is taking a hit. While these Bruins may not play roughhouse hockey like Da Broons of yore—"I was a goon goalie," Cheevers has said,

Against the Whalers on Saturday, Cashman played all-out in his 1,001st NHL game.

Chowder brother Keith (Corn) Crowder digs the puck away from Nordique Blake Wesley.

"but I'm not a goon coach"—players like Keith and Bruce Crowder (known to their teammates as the Chowder brothers, or, more pointedly, Corn [Keith] and Clam [Bruce]) are, according to their coach, "two of the best cornermen in the league."

"Bruce reminds me of Gordie Howe, the way he wades in," says Sinden, which is another way of saying that opponents sometimes assault Crowder's elbows with their faces.

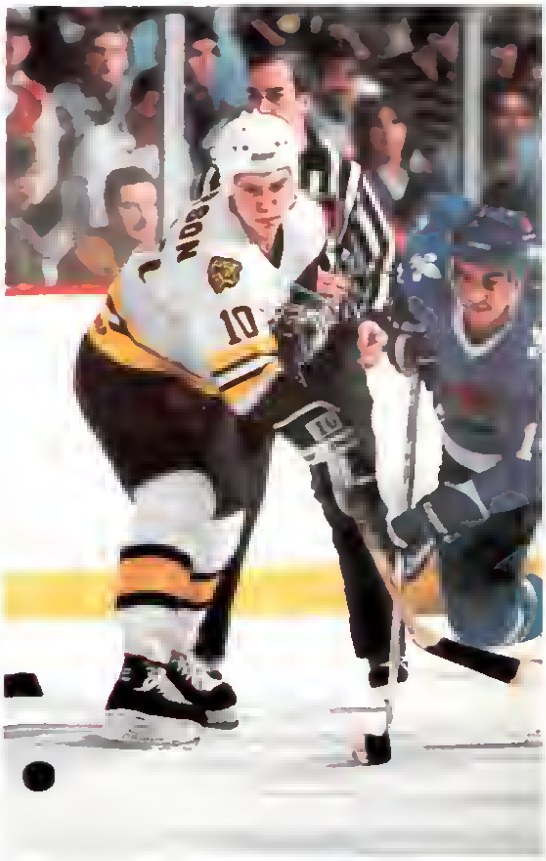
Boston's leading scorer, Center Barry Pederson, 21, is in only his second full season as a Bruin. Last year he set a team rookie scoring record with 44 goals and finished second to Winnipeg's Dale Hawerchuk in Rookie of the Year voting. He plays with the veteran Middleton, 29, Boston's second-leading scorer, on right wing and rookie Mike Krushelnyski, 22, on left. Pederson and Middleton get lots of chances because the 6′ 2″, 200-pound Krushelnyski has a Spiderman reach that pushes pucks out of the corners for his linemates.

Center Tom Fergus, 20, another second-year Bruin, reminds Cheevers of "Ratty [Boston assistant coach and former Center Jean Ratelle] in the way he can move the puck out of our zone." And rookie Luc Dufour, one of the few French-Canadian players to be drafted by the Bruins, is an explosive and physical (68 penalty minutes through Sunday) left wing, although he's more in the fashion of the Montreal speedsters than the new Boston muckers.

Considering the gravity of the Bruins' injuries—12-year stalwart Terry O'Reilly out for the season after having knee surgery; Steve Kasper, the top defensive forward in the league last year, out at least until March after undergoing shoulder surgery, and Normand Leveille, the spark-plug left wing, out of hockey forever after suffering a near-fatal stroke last October—it's a tribute to the young dogs' scrapping spirit that they've gone as far as they have.

The only active player left from the 1972 Stanley Cup winners is 37-year-old Winger Wayne Cashman, who played in his 1,000th NHL game Thursday. Beloved by the Gallery Gods, Cashman has been limited to cameo appearances on makeshift fourth lines and has stopped just short of saying he will retire at the end of this season.

"When we made the decision to go with kids instead of sticking with veterans," says Sinden, "we knew we were sacrificing a good team—but a team never quite good enough to win the Cup—for a team that might, for a few years, fall below the middle of the pack. I'd have to say we're a couple of years ahead of schedule." END



Pederson leads Boston in goals with 32.

A Marriage Made In Glitzville

The union of Bjorn Borg and sleazy commercialism ill-suited him as he made a farewell exhibition tour in the U.S. **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Hey, Manny, I got it. The So-Long-Swede Tour. Here's the deal. We run the kid down through the baskets markets—you know, the ACC, the SEC and the Sunbelt and all those other tanktown paradises where they don't know forehands from net-cord judges. We do trade-outs with hotels, limos, the media. Stick ads in all the Baskin-Robbins. Hold press conferences in airports. Get the mayors to read proclamations, order plaques and trophies and humongous multicolored cakes and—get this—ice sculptures. Is this dynamite stuff or what? Then we dress Borg all in white, dim the house lights, turn on some anthem music and round up all the chicks to storm the locker room door. We're talkin' monster tune here, pal. Am I right or am I right? Tag it? We tag it. Bjorny Does The Bushes, what else? Hey, it worked for Barry Manilow.

And it worked out for Bjorn Borg, or at least for his promoters. So what if the tour turned out to be extremely hoked up, a lot tacky, a bit of a ripoff and inundated with sleaze. This was Borg's swan song in the U.S. Last week it consisted of five one-night stands in five cities. In Charlotte, N.C., Chattanooga, Tenn. and Norfolk, Va. he played Roscoe Tanner; in Baton Rouge, La. and Providence, R.I. he faced Jimmy Connors. This week Borg was scheduled to play an eight-man event in Toronto, and on Monday he's slated to appear in Kansas City for yet another match with the omnipresent Tanner. That could well be the last time anyone this side of the Atlantic sees the best player of the age strike a tennis ball.

It should be acknowledged that this last roundup was planned long before Borg decided—last November or last month or last week or in the last few minutes or whenever it may have been—to retire. These exhibitions, or "exos" in player lingo, were originally intended to serve as preparation for Borg's return to the regular tournament circuit. But when news bulletins of his quitting emerged

three weeks ago from all corners of the globe and most notably the mountains of Nepal, where Borg, his wife, Mariana, his parents Rune and Margarethe, and his coach, Lennart Bergelin, were riding elephants, this particular series of appearances loomed as Borg's final fling on North American courts. So there. You didn't really think Borg had retired and then wantonly squeezed out a few more paydays, did you? Perish the thought. The elephant boy would never forget his commitments.

Moreover, who's to say this leave-taking was any less dignified than Joe Namath hanging on for dear life to his Los Angeles Ram earphones or Ray Leonard preening before the celebrity guests at his famous last bash. Still, as Borg wandered zombielike from airplane to limo to hotel to exo and back again last week, it was difficult to forgive him for double-fistedly backhanding himself into such a vulnerable position: a head-handed cartoon character tap-dancing at age 26 through the carny atmosphere of horridly commercial one-nighters. The announcement at the end of Presley concerts used to be so agonizingly final: "Elvis has left the building." Why, oh why, couldn't Bjorn Borg, the one and only Bjorn Borg, go out like Ted Williams, hitting the home run, instead of like Presley, wallowing in self-caricature?

On Wednesday, just before Charlotte's Winter Challenge, which is how the Borg-Tanner match was billed on some of the sponsoring beer's posters, the villain of the saga mused on Borg's predicament. "Tennis is so year-round these days, so involving," said Tanner, "that you never get away from it unless you go to the wilderness. You never feel relaxed about *not* playing. Bjorn's decision must have been a relief to him. He's so loose, so on high."

Indeed, upon arriving from Katmandu by way of Bangkok and his home in Sands Point, N.Y., Borg looked refreshed, healthy, younger than he has since the day in 1976 that he won the first of his five Wimbledon championships. Clean-shaven, his hair clipped, Borg began the tour without either Mariana or Bergelin, whose sharp differences are now public record, at his side. Not that they had disagreed over or influenced Borg's retirement decision. That was his and his alone, and both wife and coach were stunned. According to Borg, after he told Mariana in late November in Stockholm that he planned to retire, "She thought I was crazy. Lennart was a player. He knows about the day that comes when you have nothing more to give."

Before the match in the Charlotte Coliseum, the Charlotte Choir Boys sang the Swedish national anthem. The Charlotte Pops Ensemble played the theme from Sylvester Stallone. Borg and Tanner entered the court under raised rackets held by the ball boys. "I felt like we were getting married," said Tanner. Borg won in three straight sets before better than 9,000 fans. Later he was asked if he'd had fun. "Well, uh," Borg replied, bewildered, "I had to play the match. I'm pretty pleased."

In the confusion and crush of teen darlings enveloping Borg's car outside the coliseum, one of his police bodyguards was left behind. "I was surprised they mobbed Born [*sic*]," said the abandoned patrolman, John Horton, "but security-wise, this wasn't much, about 15 police. Now, we'll have about 45 to 50 for Ozzie Osbourne."

On Thursday, black and white limousines rolled out on the tarmac at Lovell Field in Chattanooga. The quarry was whisked away from the crowds to an isolated terminal, where he met the press and was presented the key to the city by Mayor Pat Rose. Then the limos roared downtown, a police escort screaming sirens and running red lights and forcing mere civilian riffraff onto the shoulders. Who was this, Cap Weinberger?

The who was a wide-eyed, gape-mouthed and shell-shocked Borg. The why and wherefore was W.E. Stamps & Associates, promoter of the Chattanooga and Norfolk matches. "You've got to understand Bjorn is a very, very close friend of mine," said Bill Stamps. "We brought him out of retirement at Industry Hills last summer in L.A. [where Borg played back-to-back exhibitions with Connors and Vitas Gerulaitis]. We thought it apropos we put him back to bed, so to speak." Stamps is a former celebrity agent from L.A. He said he wears his

continued

It's press conference time and Borg seems dazed—perhaps by another mention of Dick Vermeil.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RONALD C. MODRA

Borg stretched Connors to the limit in Baton Rouge before finally falling in three sets.

BJORN BORG *continued*

trademark Panama "so my people can spot me on court fast." He said he would throw Borg his "only retirement party" the next night in Norfolk. He said he would fly in some "stars." What stars? "Oh, you know, stars." What stars? "Oh, you know, *future* stars." What stars? "Look," Stamps said. "I'm a celebrity broker. I'll pick up the phone and get some stars. Maybe Donna Mills or Lionel Ritchie. Maybe Rogers will be in the area."

Rogers? Kenny Rogers? Ginger? Roy? Rogers Hornsby? Before the mystery could be solved, Stamps was introducing his retinue: Mrs. Barbara Stamps, who favors swirling Fawcettian waves and lollipop sunglasses; son Jesse, five, who was packing a plastic machine gun; and housekeeper Antonita from south of the border. "Hey, don't tell the Feds," said Stamps. "Hey Toni, you got a last name?" But that's not all. Stamps then wheels on his producer, Doug Bleeck, "formerly in late-night TV—*In Concert* and *The Midnight Special*"—and his photographer, Kim Mizuno. He presents them to any and all bystanders with a burst of similarly unhilarious racial-ethnic intros.

That night Borg lost 6–2, 4–6, 7–5, 6–4 to Tanner, who was playing in his hometown. The highlight of the match came in the third set, when the Supreme Court in the Roundhouse arena at the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga split open as Borg took a spectacular dive, landing on his keister. Borg came up laughing, but James Rose, a Supreme Court company employee who had braved possible sniper fire to truck the court up from Cartersville, Ga., wasn't pleased. "Makes a man prideful to see Be-yon, or however you say his name, goin' out on my stuff," said Rose. "But somebody took a damn mop to my court. No tape's gonna stay stuck with a damn mop wipin' the court. My overalls are still soaked."

Stamps seemed especially upset about Be-yon's behind, not to mention preoccupied with the news value of his spill. "Terrific," he said. "This'll be second paragraph, right?"

Later Borg was asked about Stamps. "Bill's a pretty funny guy," he said. "Actually, I don't know him really well. I think he's from, ah, L.A."

Friday. Norfolk. Bjorn Borg Goes Navy. The retirement party. Stars. Uh, oh. But first the players' limo couldn't leave the hotel in Chattanooga because Stamps wasn't ready. An elderly woman climbed into Borg's car. "I'm from the gree-ell [that's grill in English]," she squealed at Borg. "I want you to write 'To Lamarr' on this, Bjorn boy. That's two r's, and make it quick."

Borg signed, but Bill Ryan, his personal representative for this tour from the International Management Group, was getting itchy. Ryan is believed to be the first male ever to wear a turquoise shell necklace with a button-down Oxford shirt. He has been at odds with Stamps. "Let's go. We're out of here," barked Ryan at the driver.

"I don't want to be rude, sir," said the chauffeur, "but I don't work for you. I work for Mr. Stamps." Whoops.

Finally on the road, Ryan plotted revenge. Poring over tickets, bills and receipts, he said jokingly to Borg and Tanner and the warmup singles act of John Fitzgerald and Jimmy Brown, "Wouldn't it be great if we all just went on to Boston instead of Norfolk? Stamps would have heart failure."

Thing is, the tour nearly didn't go anywhere. Airport security in Chattanooga nabbed Jesse for brazenly carrying his machine gun past the X-ray machine, and by the time the entourage arrived at the gate, the flight was oversold. Borg wasn't asked if this ever happened when he was in the care of Bergelin.

When Borg finally arrived in Atlanta to change planes, who was boarding the same flight to Norfolk but Martina Navratilova. She carried a fox terrier puppy in a box. "Her name is K.D.," said Navratilova. "Killer Dog. But she's having a false pregnancy. It's sad."

On the next plane, Ryan to Stamps: "Can we get Martina into the retirement party?"

Stamps to Ryan: "Sure. Can you ask her to bring her dog?"

At Norfolk's Scope Arena, Borg whipped Tanner in straight sets before a packed house of 8,200. But, alas, at the retirement party after the match in the presidential ballroom of the Hotel Madison, neither Navratilova nor K.D. was anywhere to be found. Nor were any stars. Where were the stars? "We got some big-cheese NATO commander coming later on," said Bleeck. That's no star. "Hey, if there's a war, he'll be a star."

At his only retirement party, Borg sat in a corner, far away from the smoke, the noise, the chaos and the revolting 125-pound yellow tennis-ball cake. He signed his name approximately 48,000 times on items Stamps handed him. "I hate like hell to make this a cattle call,"

continued

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yelled Stamps at the crowd through the haze. "But look, you got Bill Stamps, hard hat, or"—he took off his Panama—"convertible." A quick attendance check disclosed not one Mr. or Mrs. Rogers.

Following one of his numerous pastings by Borg at Wimbledon, Connors said, "I'll follow the sonofabitch to the ends of the earth." One of the ends apparently was to be Baton Rouge on Saturday night, and among Connors' demands of promoter Billy McGehee Jr. was that the match be only two of three sets and that immediately afterward Connors be furnished a private jet from Baton Rouge to Providence. McGehee is the publisher of a Louisiana sports tabloid, even though, he says, "I've never enjoyed reading in my life." But he can read bottom lines, and he had sold more than 9,000 seats at the Centroplex arena.

Unbeknownst to Connors, however, Ryan changed the private flight to Sunday morning because he wanted to "party" in Baton Rouge. On the trip to Louisiana, Borg and his gang whiled away the hours betting on which question would be asked first in each city's press conference and how quickly recently resigned Philadelphia Eagles Coach Dick Vermeil's name would come up. "I know this Vermeil," said Borg on Eastern Flight 519. "Was he really burnt out? I am not burnt out." Passengers filed by Borg, recreating the art of the double-take. A blonde in a red sweater returned, pencil poised. "O.K., which one are you?" she said. Obviously a Dick Vermeil fan.

Upon arriving in Baton Rouge, everyone headed for the Sheraton, where Connors, who had checked in the day before, was furious about the plane change and was threatening to take a hike. He was heard to announce, "Ryan doesn't run the show. I run the show." *Voilà*. A compromise. Connors will take the private plane on Saturday night; Borg and Ryan will go commercial to Providence on Sunday morning.

Borg and Connors saw each other for the first time outside the hotel. "Jimbo, man," said Borg. "What's happenin'," replied Connors. What is this, the NBA on CBS?

In the dressing room before that night's match, Borg slumped into a soft armchair while Connors small-talked with his brother, John, and some local friends. Borg asked Connors who was playing in the finals at Philadelphia. Connors asked Borg what his plans were and how Tanner was hitting. Then it was game time.

The opening set was a revelation for whoever questions the motivation of two sturdy champions when they toil against each other, be it in exos or dominoes. Connors took a 5–3 lead, but Borg rallied after a wondrous backhand. "And you're going to *retire* after that ——," roared Connors across the net.

With Borg up 5–4 in the first-set tiebreaker, Connors' return of serve was a foot deep, but the linesman signaled good. Borg fell over backward in disbelief. The umpire promptly overruled the call, making the score 6–4 Borg. Both players then approached the chair and unwittingly staged a rather remarkable microcosm of their careers. A furious Connors grabbed the microphone and screamed, "Keep your mouth shut. Get down from the chair. You're through." A placid Borg shook the umpire's hand. The umpire stayed put.

Borg won the tiebreaker on the next point. But soon Connors gained control, and he went on to win 6–7, 6–4, 6–4, but not before his exhausted opponent, subsisting on three hours' sleep and some vital pride, nearly overcame a 1–5 deficit in the final set. The following night Connors defeated a weary Borg 6–4, 6–4 before 9,800 spectators at the Providence Civic Center. After the match Borg said that he had tried his best but that he was glad the five days had finally come to an end.

Before Borg left Baton Rouge for Rhode Island, a journalist asked him, "When will I see you again?" The reporter first had visited Borg in Sweden when he was 17, and only now, on a cold, rainy night in Louisiana, did it occur to the journalist that this could be the end after all.

"I don't know," said Borg. "It might be quite some time." And just like that he was gone into the darkness, into the shadows of his future—to another limo, another plane, another exo and perhaps another life as well. The question lingers still. Has the great Borg left the building for good? **END**

Stamps' stamp was clearly on Borg's fete.

In Atlanta Borg ran into Navratilova, who, alas, missed his goodby bash.

by JOE THEISMANN
as told to JOHN PAPANEK

The author, the quarterback of the Redskins, tells how a clever game plan, good execution and a bit of luck beat Miami in the Super Bowl

Looking back on it now, I don't think our victory in the Super Bowl can be taken all by itself. It has to be treated as the end of one long, incredible emotional experience. When did it begin? Well, for me, maybe it began when I first started playing football, at the age of 12. Maybe when I decided to play in Canada instead of the NFL after coming out of Notre Dame in 1971. Maybe when George Allen kept me sitting on the bench behind Sonny Jurgensen and Billy Kilmer for four years after I joined the Redskins in 1974. Maybe after we started the 1981 season 0–5. Since then we've won 20 of our 24 games.

All I know is that I didn't begin thinking Super Bowl until after our 31–17 victory over the Cowboys for the NFC championship. We knew all along that if we were going to get to the Super Bowl we'd have to beat Dallas, the only team we lost to during the regular season. After we got past Minnesota in our second playoff game, the party line among the players was, "Oh, we don't care who we play. We don't care if it's Dallas or Green Bay." But that wasn't true. Everybody wanted the Cowboys. And we beat them.

That was on a Saturday, eight days before the Super Bowl. The next afternoon, Miami played the Jets for the AFC championship. I tried to watch the game on TV at my house in Vienna, Va., but the place was a zoo. My three kids were running around and there were three television crews there to watch me watch. I sat

there watching like a fan, trying to decide who I'd rather play against in the Super Bowl. Joe Walton, the Jets' offensive coordinator, was my quarterback coach for three years with the Redskins. He taught me more about the discipline of playing my position than any other coach I've ever had. I wanted to play the Jets. But I wanted to play the Dolphins, too. Miami was the team that drafted me out of Notre Dame, and my brief experience with the Dolphins hadn't been pleasant. I'd publicly promised that come hell or high water I'd be a Dolphin, but by the time Joe Robbie, the Miami owner, and I could work things out, it was too late. I'd already decided to sign for three years with the Toronto Argonauts in the CFL, and not without some regret. I have a ring that I had made when I came back from Canada. It has three small diamonds, which represent my three Super Bowls—'71, '72 and '73—that the Dolphins played in while I was in exile.

I was so charged up on Monday morning that I couldn't wait until five o'clock, when we were to meet at Redskin Park, near Dulles Airport, before flying to the Coast. Again, the house was crazy. Amy, who's 9, had to go to dancing school, and Joey, 11, had to go someplace else, and my wife, Cheryl, had to drive all the car pools and run some errands and take care of little Patrick, who's 4. She wanted to know what time I had to be out at the park. "Five," I'd said. "No, four . . . no, three." I was driving her nuts. By two o'clock I had two suitcases packed and ready to go, and by chance a friend of mine, who's a policeman, dropped by to wish me luck. "Hey, things are already falling into place," I said. "Can you take me out to the park?"

Our Chance To Be Great

And so I got to ride in his black-and-white. Most kids like police cars. Now *I* had one to play with. I had the sirens and the horns blaring and the red lights spinning as we drove along, and my friend kept saying, "Will you stop, Joe? You're going to get me in trouble!" I said, "Hey, I'm having a ball!" As we pulled up to the park a police barricade was already in place, because a couple of thousand fans were expected for our send-off. I hit the sirens and the lights again, and my friend said, "Oh, don't do that, please. My sergeant's here." I said, "Oh, they're not going to care. We're going to the Super Bowl!"

On the plane I got my first taste of our game plan from Joe [Gibbs, the Redskin coach], who also saved me from losing my Super Bowl check in a gin game with [Tackle] Mark May. Joe said that the main thing we would do to counteract Miami's great defense would be to constantly change our offensive formations. We'd shift our tight end from one side of the formation to the other and then we'd

continued

We got our best matchups and set up the rest of our attack by running Riggins left.

The daily press sessions were part of the fantasyland atmosphere at the Super Bowl.

JOE THEISMANN *continued*

move our wingback, who is usually a second tight end, back and forth behind the line of scrimmage. We'd send our wide receivers in different motion patterns. It was all designed to tie down the mobile Dolphin linebackers, to make them respond to our movements, rather than us respond to theirs. Miami had beaten the Jets and San Diego in the playoffs by making their offenses react to the Dolphins' defensive alignments. The plays we'd run wouldn't be new, nor would the formations we'd run them from. But it was the way we'd *get* to those formations that would be a problem for Miami.

We checked into our hotel in Costa Mesa on Monday night. On Tuesday, after a huge morning press conference and picture-taking session, we finally got onto the practice field, and everything seemed to be moving fast. Out of sequence. It wasn't a very good practice, but it was enough to get us going. That night I drove to Burt Reynolds' home in Holmby Hills for dinner and a movie and to meet some of his friends: Ricardo Montalban, Loni Anderson and Karen Valentine. I've had a little Hollywood experience myself. I played a bouncer in *The Man With Bogart's Face*, with Bob Sacchi, Michelle Phillips and George Raft, and I also had a part in one episode of *B.J. & the Bear*.

Wednesday's press conference was even bigger, and it ran a little late. Some of us—I'll mention no names—didn't make the bus to the practice field and drove cars over to it. Joe was upset. I mean ticked. The man was flat PO'd. He was walking up and down outside the locker room, and you could see smoke coming out of his ears. He came inside, slammed down his clipboard and said, "I want everybody in this organization on the buses. Everybody's going to take the buses. Nobody drives cars. This isn't a party. We're here to do something, and we've got to take it seriously."

Joe definitely got his point across. He's not a yeller, so we knew he meant what he said. In fact, what he did in that meeting could have been one of the most significant things that happened all week. Everybody's concentration came back just like that. To give you an idea of what kinds of characters we have on our football team, [Tackle] George Starke walked over to Joe as practice was ending and said, "What time's the bus leaving, Coach?" Joe just smiled.

Riggo was the top hit of Mr. Cooke's party.

Predictably, everybody made the buses on Thursday. I was beginning to realize that during Super Bowl week, the only sane moments come in our meetings and on the practice field. Everything else—the press conferences, the TV attention, the crazy fans clogging the hotel lobby day in and day out—is fantasyland. That morning at our quarterback meeting, Joe had this extra little twinkle in his eye. You just knew that he had something special, like a kid with a new toy. Our coaches called it the Explode Package. It was a series of four plays in which we've got everybody in the world moving. The tight end moves from split to tight, the wingback moves from the right side to the left side, the halfback moves from behind me to behind the tight end, the two wide receivers shift out and one of them goes in motion. All this happens when I say, "Set." It looks like a Chinese fire drill.

And it fit right in with our game plan, because it was another way to confuse the Dolphins. Defense works by recognition. And when you inhibit that recognition by getting everyone moving around, you get the defense saying, "Now wait a second. Where *is* everybody?" This particular package was designed for what we call the Red Area—inside Miami's 20-yard line. But even if we never got close to the goal line all day, Joe said he wanted to use it anyway, just to hear what the TV announcers would say when they saw everybody moving.

During that day's workout I was in the huddle when all of a sudden this bee landed on me. Freddie Dean, my right guard, said, "Joe, you got a bee on you!" We were well aware of all the talk about the Killer Bees, which was what everyone was calling the Miami defense. So I swatted the bee onto the ground and Freddie smashed it with the back of his

continued

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hand. I don't believe in omens, but I liked the look of this one.

Friday was our dress-rehearsal practice and things were looking good. That night Jack Kent Cooke, the owner of the Redskins, threw a party, and it was the best. A classic. What was so special about that night was that John Riggins entered in white tie and tails, with top hat, white gloves and a cane. People always ask me about J.R. and all I can say is he's one of a kind. He dances to his own drum. There's not much more I'm able to say about him. He just doesn't talk much. In fact, John broke his 18-month silence with the press only after our playoff game against Minnesota. And you had to see that press conference to believe it. You'd have thought you were at one of Ronald Reagan's. Everybody in our organization, from the coaches to the players to the equipment men, was there just to hear him talk, as well as more press than I'd ever seen at Redskin Park.

So everybody thought John's entrance to Mr. Cooke's party was spectacular. He got a standing ovation. *J.R. is here!* And seeing him so loose, having so much fun, took everybody's edginess away just like that.

Saturday night we had an 8 p.m. meeting before moving from Costa Mesa to another hotel closer to the Rose Bowl. Joe got up and gave us a pep talk, prefacing it, as he always does, by saying, "Guys, you got to put up with me. I've got some things I have to say." And then he said that we had accomplished a lot as a football team, and that some people are content to just be a part of something. "But," he went on, "there are other people who want to be great. And tomorrow is going to be our chance to be great." That night I had the best night of sleep I'd had all week.

Next morning I couldn't believe that Super Bowl Sunday had finally arrived. I got myself dressed for breakfast and I didn't shave. I never do on a game day. It gets me into the right disposition. It makes me feel like it's time to get down and get dirty. I ate with George Starke, Tommy Owen and Riggo, and we talked a little bit about the game, a lot about everything else. John swallowed a huge mouthful of food and said, "I think I'll carry the ball about 40 times and run for about 204 yards." I said, "That would be O.K. with me, J.R." He was off by only two carries and 38 yards.

On this play I tipped the ball—and maybe the game—out of Bokamper's hands.

I went into my routine in the Rose Bowl locker room. I laid a whole stack of towels on the floor in front of my locker, propped my feet up on a chair, and read PEOPLE magazine for about 40 minutes, just like I do before every ballgame. I had to finish every article. I never want to leave anything incomplete, because that leaves your mind incomplete. And that makes your passes incomplete.

You could sense that the guys were starting to get restless. A lot of them were watching the pregame show on television. There were many visits to the bathroom, where our trainer, Bubba Tyer, had taped to the wall a large color photograph of the 17-diamond gold ring the 49ers received for winning last year's Super Bowl. About 15 minutes before we went out for warmups, Tony McGee, one of our defensive linemen, decided to turn the TV off—by pulling the plug.

When we came back inside after warmups, Joe drew up the first play we would run—50 Gut, which is a run off left tackle by John. That was the play we would run most of the afternoon. It was our best matchup, Riggins running behind Jeff Bostic, Joe Jacoby and Russ Grimm vs. Kim Bokamper, Earnie Rhone and Larry Gordon. And that one play would set the tempo for the rest of the game. We wanted to run the football. We didn't want to get into a lot of third-and-longs.

continued

The first time we used the Explode Package I threw a four-yard scoring pass to Garrett.

The locker room was really wired now, and all the guys were worked up. I sat down and looked around and took in moments that will live forever in my mind: Ricky Walker pumping his fist and saying, "Come on. We can do it!" Neal Olkewicz yelling, "This is what football's all about!" Riggo was seated five chairs to my right, quietly getting ready. The next quarter-hour was the most anxious time for all of us, because everyone was dressed with no place to go. Then Bill Hickman, the coach's administrative assistant, started giving us the countdown. He'd walk through the quiet locker room and say, "Twelve minutes to go." Then, "Ten minutes to go." Then, "Five minutes to go." Then, with two minutes to go, Joe stood up in front of us and said, "This is the moment we've all been waiting for." We knelt down, clasped hands, and all said the Lord's Prayer. And I'm sure every man in the room had a little something extra to say. I know I sure did. We all came up with a roar and started out of the locker room. As usual, I was the last to leave. I had to make my one last nervous trip to the bathroom—and take one last look at that ring. Then the impact of what was taking place really started to hit me. As we walked out of the tunnel, the noise really started to build.

I was named a captain for the game, and although I've never been a regular captain on any of my teams, every time I've participated in the coin toss, my team has won. Bob Kuechenberg, one of the Dolphin captains, called heads and it came up heads, but Jerry Markbreit, the referee, signaled that we'd won the toss. Kooch said, "No, no. *We* won the toss." Jerry said, "O.K., what do you want to do?" Kooch said, "We'll receive." So Jerry lines us up and pats *us* on the shoulders and signals that we'll receive and Kuechenberg says, "No, no. *We'll* receive." We're out there in front of 100,000 people and 111 million more watching on TV, and the *referees* are nervous.

When we get the ball we run Riggins right at them. During our first several plays I evaluate their coverage. Joe calls the plays from the sidelines, and Don Breaux, our backfield coach, signals them in to me. My job is to execute them; I never change the plays. Still, I have to know what the defense is doing out there. I can see that Miami's in a two-deep—and they stayed in it all afternoon—which means that the two safeties stay in the middle of the field in the deep zone and the two corners press our wide receivers; that is, they bump them and go face to face with them right from the line of scrimmage. That makes it difficult for our receivers to go down the middle and difficult to go outside, too, but we know that they can't stop our running with half their defenders back in the passing zones. That means the difference between John's gaining three yards and five yards each time he carries. And five yards is about what he's getting.

After their touchdown pass to Jimmy Cefalo in the first quarter, we're down 7–0, but it doesn't matter. We're moving the ball. If we'd gotten behind by more than a touchdown it might have been different. But we get a field goal from Mark Moseley early in the second quarter and it's 7–3. Then they get a field goal and it's 10–3, and I don't feel badly at all. We're running John at them all day, but we've also shown them our flea-flicker reverse pass, and our flanker screen, and even a screen pass to John, who hardly ever practices that play. We've let them know that they could never be sure where our offense would be coming from. And now that we've moved the ball into the Red Area, we come with our Explode Package for the first time. I'm really charged because I've been dying to try it out. All it gets us is a touchdown. After everybody shifts, Charlie Brown and Alvin Garrett are split together on the right. Charlie comes in motion and runs inside, Alvin runs outside, I put it up for Alvin in the corner of the end zone and it's a TD, and I almost jump out of my shoes. So it's 10–10 for about 15 seconds, or until Fulton Walker goes 98 yards with our kickoff for a touchdown.

Now I get stupid. We move the ball down to their 16-yard line with 14 seconds left in the half and use our last timeout for a sideline conference. I say, "Let me take one more play. I'll throw it away if it's not there." So we call a drop roll to the left. Alvin gets open, but he's too far from the sideline. I shouldn't have thrown it to him, but he catches it and time runs out. I said to myself, "Darn! It would have been 17–13 with the field goal. We would have had the momentum. Instead they had the momentum because they kept us from scoring." When we get inside the locker room nobody says anything, but I know I let a scoring opportunity get away.

The only two times I had to take off and run I was lucky enough to get first downs.

continued

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The sea is no place for the inexperienced.

We have about 10 minutes to ourselves to get a drink and towel down. Then Joe comes in from the coaches' conference with a chalkboard containing the plays we're going to use in the second half. And the only thing we do to our game plan is move a few pass plays we normally run on second down to first down, because they had changed a few things in their defensive coverages as a concession to our running game. Just before we go out for the second half, Joe tells us, "We've been down by more than seven points before. We were down 11 points to the Giants and we beat them. Champions can come back and win."

We start the third quarter atrociously, but then we really open things up. On first down, we go with a tight-end screen to Donnie Warren. Then comes the big reverse that Alvin Garrett runs for 44 yards. Again, everything stems from John. I hand the ball to John, John hands it to Alvin and there are all the Dolphins still chasing John. Pretty soon we're at the goal line with third down. We go back to the Explode Package again with a little different play. But now I just overthrow Alvin in the same place where he had caught the touchdown. We end up with another field goal, it's 17–13, and we're back in it.

Now we come to a very interesting part of the football game. We take over the ball after a punt, and on first down we run a bootleg pass that's been open against everybody we've run it on. I fake a toss to John—again, notice that everything stems from action off John—and Donnie Warren, one of our tight ends, is open over the middle. I don't throw it high enough, and A.J. Duhe intercepts. I go jogging off the field and I can see the offensive linemen are upset. I can see it on their faces.

Mark Murphy intercepts right back for us, and two runs later Joe sends in another first-down pass, from our own 18. It's another complex shift package, in which Charlie Brown actually changes positions with Rick Walker, the tight end. I wanted to throw to Ricky on the right side, but he was covered. I swing back around to my left and see Charlie open. I throw it under pressure, and Bokamper knocks the ball up in the air. I see him about to grab it right near our goal line and I'm struggling to keep my feet. Just as the ball settles in his hands, I manage to swat it away.

I see where Bob Baumhower, their nose tackle, said after the game that Joe Theismann is probably the luckiest man in the world. In all honesty, Bob, you may be right. If Bokamper takes that ball in for a touchdown it's 24–13. Needing two touchdowns to win with a quarter and change to go, we'd have had to abandon our running game. That would've taken John Riggins out of the game for us. And without John, winning would've been a lot tougher.

Right after Super Bowl XVII, I got to fly off into a Hawaiian sunset with my wife.

A few moments later we're still losing 17–13, and we need John to get us a first down on fourth-and-one at the Dolphins' 43. We call 70 Chip, which is John off left tackle behind Otis Wonsley throwing a "chip block" on any blue jersey in front of him. Clint Didier is the motion man this time, and he moves from the left wing toward the middle, then back again. Their cornerback, Don McNeal, follows Clint, and when Clint turns back, McNeal falls down right in front of me. I hurry the count when I see that and get John the ball. Otis does his job, John gets a hole, and we've got the first down. That's important. And then, all of a sudden, I see John break loose for a touchdown and I'm in ecstasy. I can't believe it, 20–17! Our defense is playing like gangbusters and we're starting to feel like we have a real chance to win.

Anything can happen before that clock runs down. That's why we needed that last touchdown. We have third-and-goal at the two-minute warning, and a field goal won't be enough to lock it up. We decide to use the Explode Package, and I suggest we try the drop roll that we used before halftime, when the clock ran out. Only this time I said to Joe, "I'll look for Alvin and Charlie, and if they're not open, I'll have the option to run it in." Joe okays it. So I sprint right, and Nick Giaquinto and Freddie Dean make some great blocks to get me free outside. I was going to run, but at the last second I see Charlie in the end zone and I drill it to him. As Charlie catches it he's knocked out of bounds. I thought to myself, "Oh gosh. It's incomplete." But then the referee throws his hands into the air and that's it. Pandemonium. The next thing I knew I was rolling around on top of Charlie in the end zone.

I would have loved to give the ball to John to kill the clock in our last series, but he was out of the game, so Clarence Harmon did the job for us. And then I had the pleasure of calling the final play. It was the absolute greatest thrill I've ever felt in an athletic event in my life. Ordinarily, in the huddle I'd call "save-the-game formation"—that's where I just fall down and everyone protects me while the clock runs out. But this time I leaned in there with my heartbeat echoing in my helmet and I called "winning Super Bowl formation on red."

I never looked across the line of scrimmage. I never saw a Dolphin's face. I bent over and took the snap from center and as I knelt down with the football, I looked up and all I saw were the beautiful backsides of my Hogs. **END**

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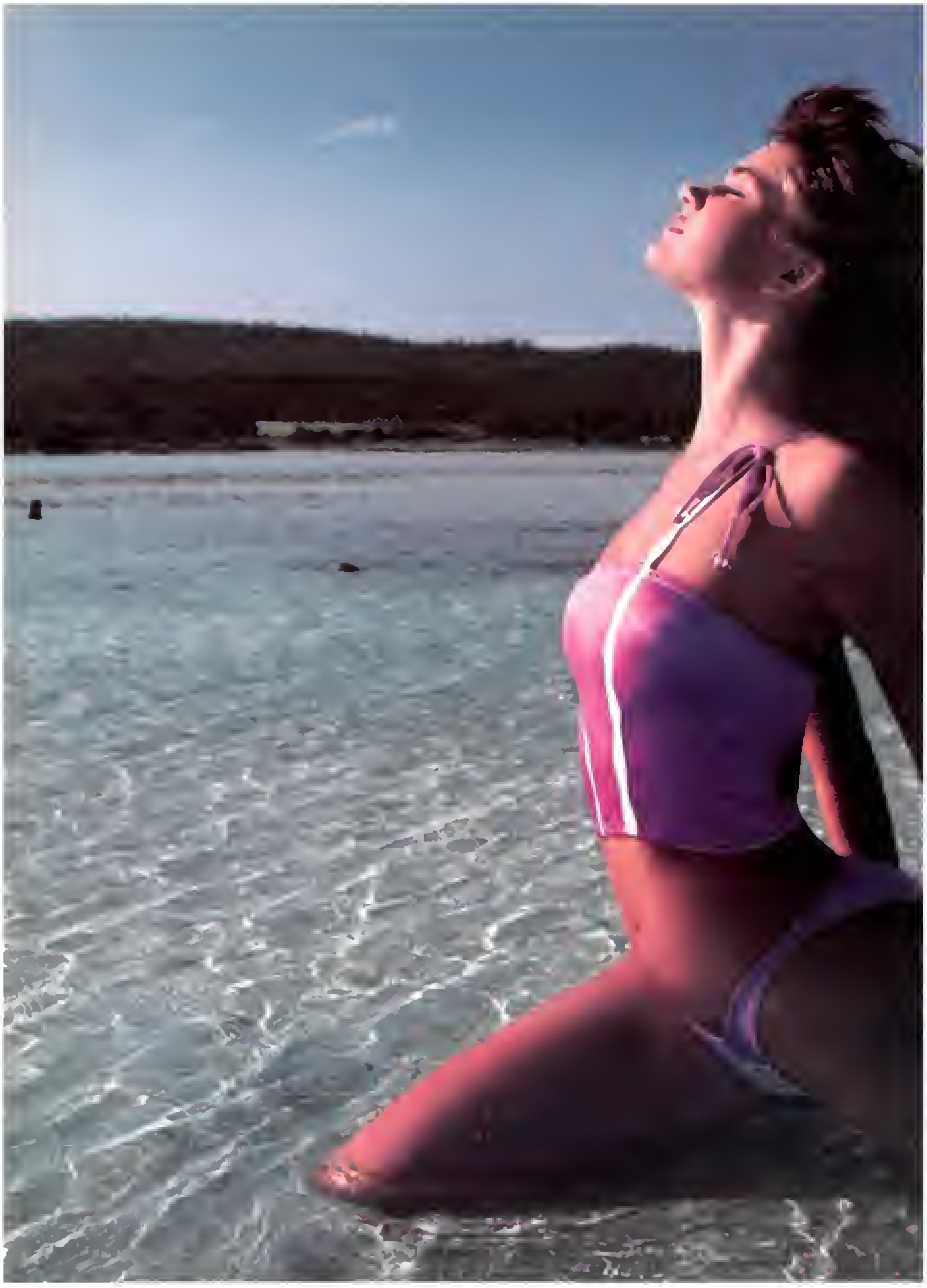


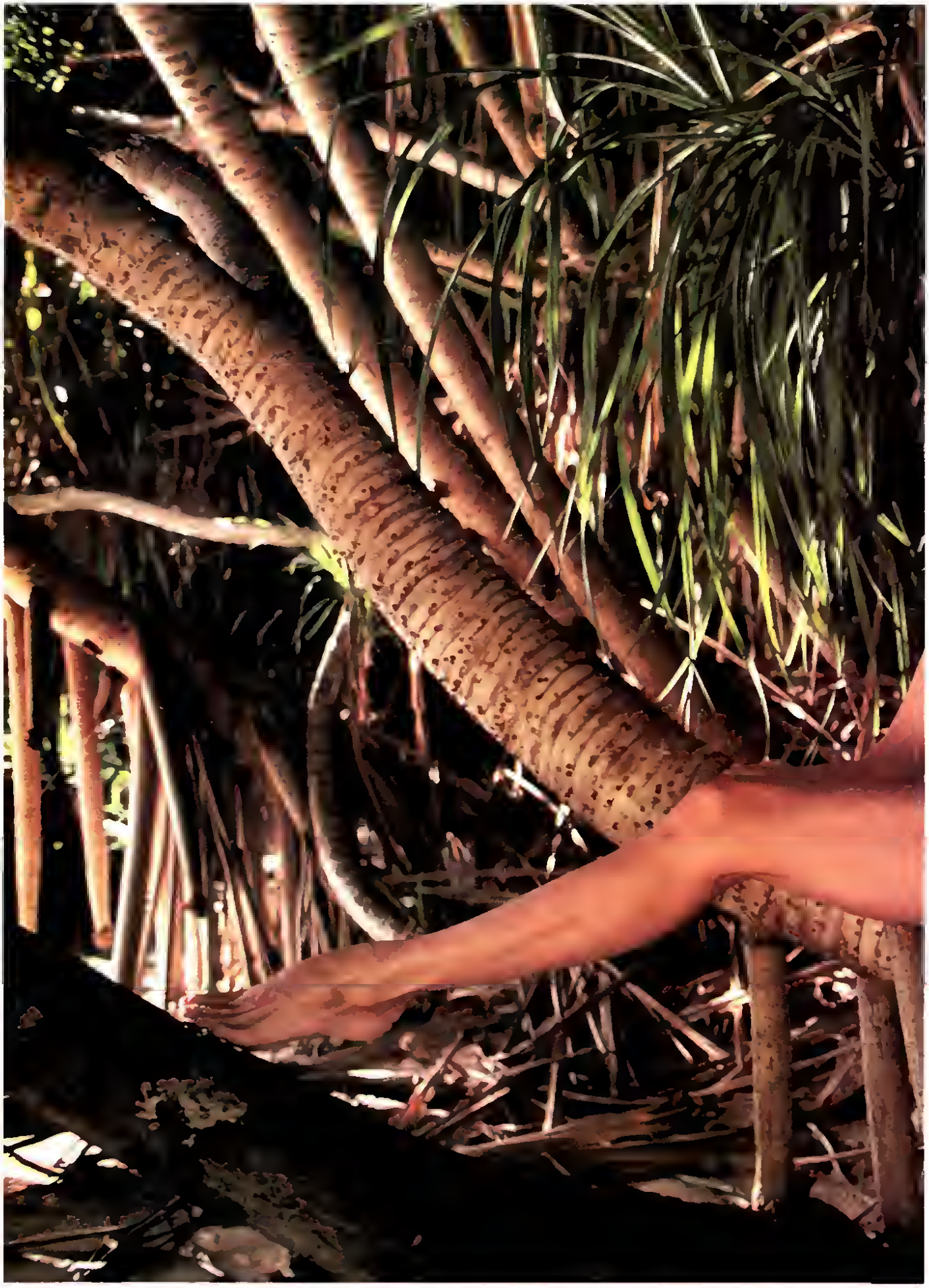
'The Fairest Island That Eyes Have Beheld'

That's how Christopher Columbus described Jamaica when he first distinguished its "sheer and darkly green" silhouette on the evening of May 3, 1494. Nearly 500 years later, modern visitors to the island would agree with Columbus. On the North Coast, where most tourists stay, the Caribbean, green in the shallows, blue in the depths, laps beaches from which gradually rise the forested slopes of the Blue Mountains (highest point: 7,402 feet). In Reach Falls, one of the cascades which course down them to the sea, cover girl Cheryl Tiegs lolls in a lacy polyester-cotton-Lycra suit by Monika Tilley for Elon ($58). At left, Paulina Porizkova stretches for the sun in a bikini by Keiko ($60). For a report on life—and sports—in and around steamy Kingston on the island's South Coast, see page 94.

—Julie Campbell

CONTINUED

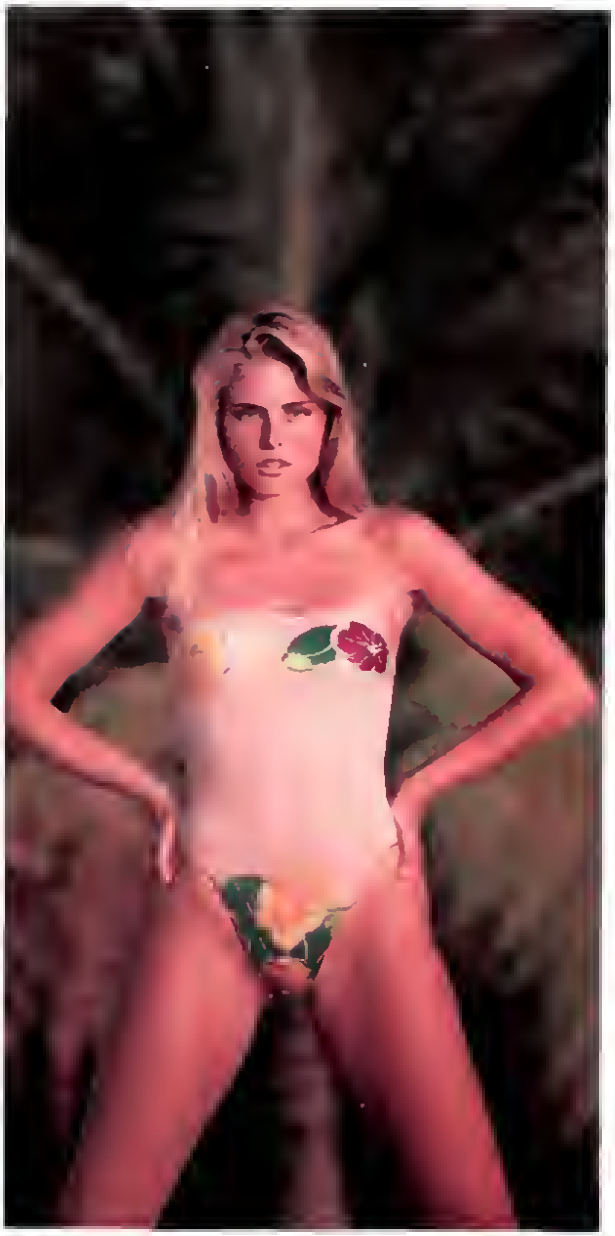
Carol Alt (left) gets a grip on herself near Ocho Rios, she's barely laced into e suit from Keiko ($50). Carol end Kelly Emberg (above) chortle in the chilly waters of Reach Falls. Carol's bikini is by Connie Banko ($38), Kelly's suit from Marina ($65). It's blues in the night for lonesome Cheryl, who's at the Trident Hotel pool in Port Antonio in e creetion by Marcia Friedmen for Le Bag ($50).

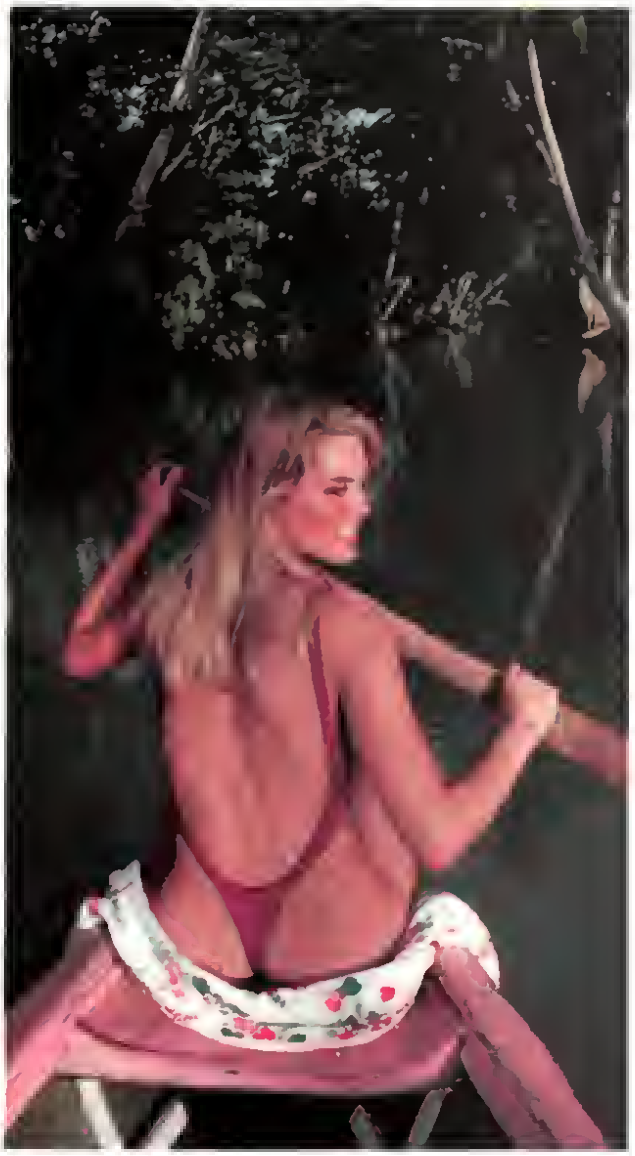


Cheryl is really up a tree (a pandanus for you botanists) at Frenchman's Cove, though she and her suit by Anna Club (p140) are well supported by a plethora of nature's gifts.

At Negril (left), Kim Alexis' red suit in the sunset is by Marcia Friedmen for Le Bag ($50) Aaaa-eeyaa-eeoo! Carol, quite an improvement on Tarzen, prepares to swing through the philodendrons at Port Antonio in a bikini from Gideon Oberson ($65) that's almost the last straw.

Kim obviously can't palm herself off as just a tourist as she surveys Negril's beach in a suit made in Jamaica by Soni ($80)



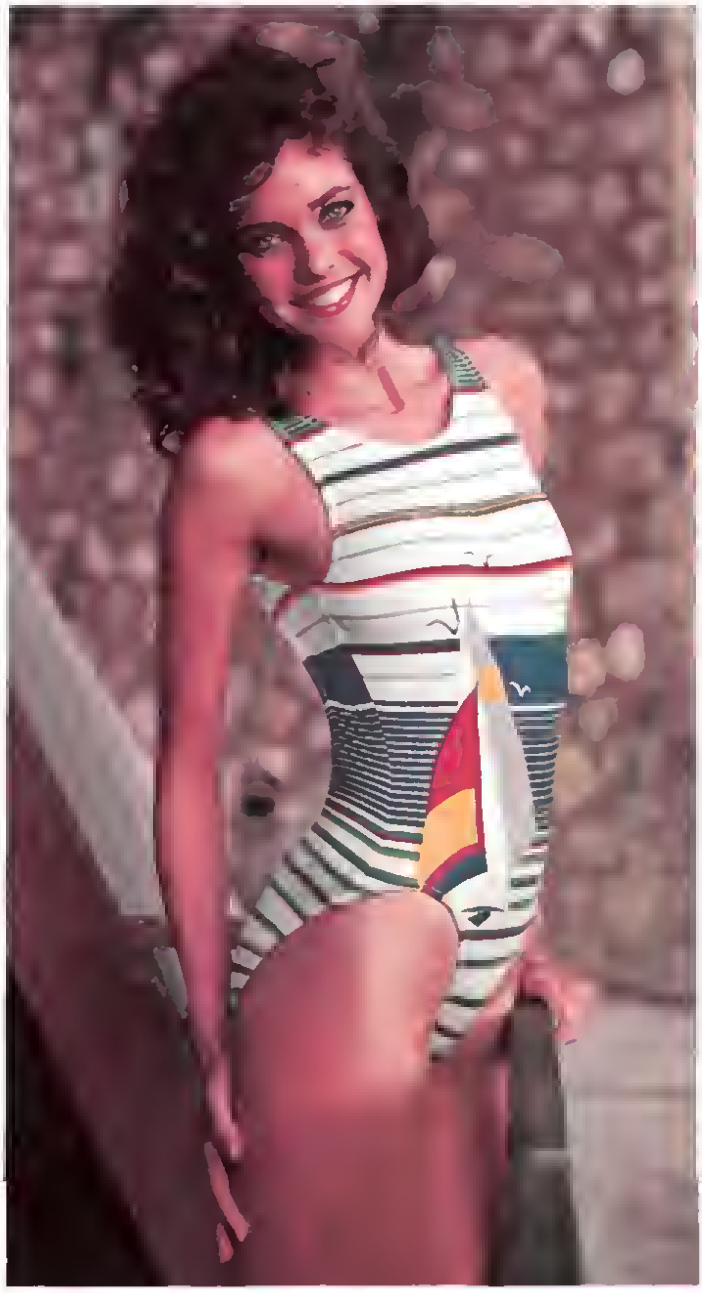


Up the White River with a paddle—but almost without a suit—is Kim in an outfit designed for a maxi-tan by OMO Norma Kamali ($55)

At Boston Beach, expert rider Hillary Safire goes hell-for-leather in a chamois-like suit by Leah Gottlieb for Gottex ($40)

SEE-ME

You can tell by the cut of her jib that Carol (below) is very shipshape in this nylon-Lycra racing suit made in Israel by Diva ($60)



Carol, in a tricolor bikini by Keiko ($45), evidently takes the name of her boat seriously as she suns with two buddies near Ocho Rios

At the Half Moon Club on Montego Bay, Paulina shows what mermaids do in off hours. Her hair is tied with the top of a Nelbarden suit ($18).

In a suit by Marcia Friedman ($54), Kim blossoms on a tile bench at the Montego Bay home of Mrs Enriquillo del Rosario, the wife of the Dominican ambassador to the U.N

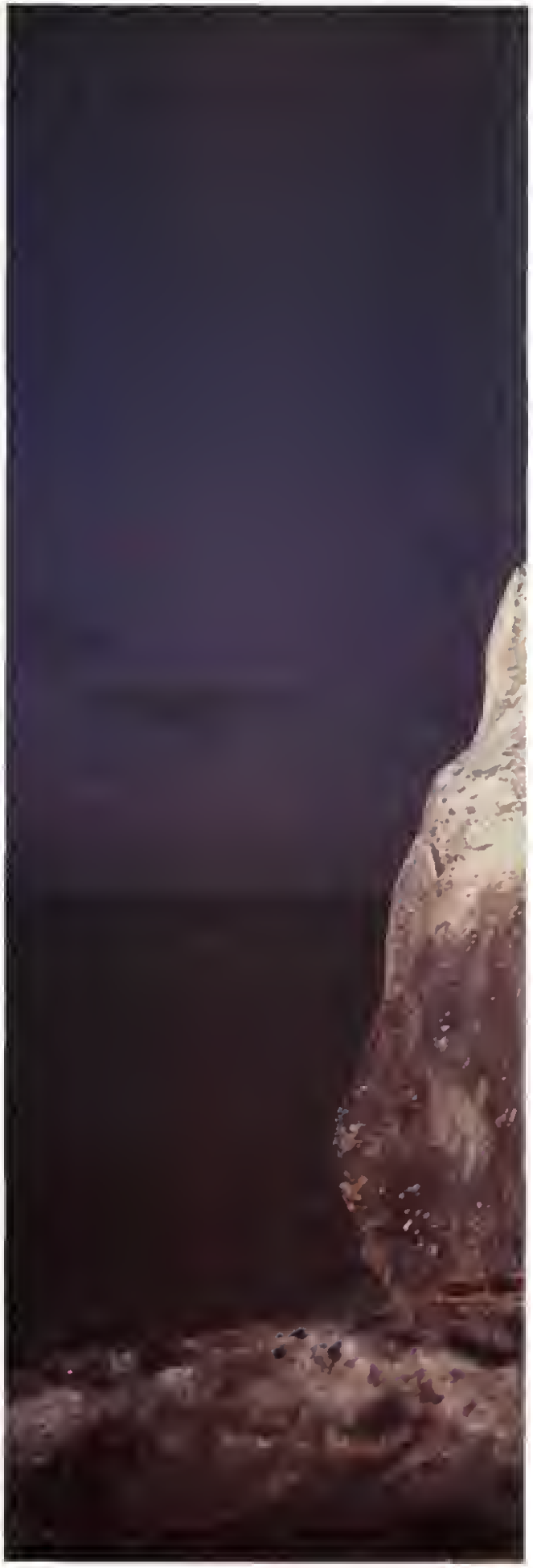
Banned from Boston Beach? Not our Cheryl (left), especially when she wears this demure creation from Marcia Friedman ($56)

At the Trident, Cheryl, who starts each day with a few minutes of yoga, performs "the plow" in yet another suit by Marcia Friedman ($54).

Mellow yellow bikinis look twice as nice on Kim and Paulina as they head for an intriguing, unnamed island off the Royal Caribbean Hotel in Montego Bay. Kim's is by Kaiko ($55), Paulina's by Anna Club ($95).

Spotting Paulina at Negril in sequins by Leah Gottlieb ($80) would be the bright spot of any beachcomber's day.

It's said this rock stands guard over pirate gold. Cheryl is some kind of lookout in a cotton bikini ($38) and sweater ($60) from Ralph Lauren. Tune in next year for more tropical treasures!



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The thinner was the winner

A slim Rosalynn Sumners edged out a zaftig Elaine Zayak in the nationals

by E.M. Swift

The 1983 U.S. Figure Skating Championships may be remembered not as the meet in which Rosalynn Sumners emerged doll-like from the gloam to become the new princess of American skating; not for Elaine Zayak's game but futile attempt to recapture the title she'd won in 1981 and then frittered away in a series of crashes in 1982; and, perhaps, not even as the first step in reconciling art and athleticism in American women's figure skating. No, these championships may be remembered, as far as the women were concerned anyway, as figure skating's version of the Battle of the Bulge. Throughout the week, there was as much talk about calories, adipose tissue and fad diets as there was about Salchows, double Axels and sit spins. In the end the card-cutter's axiom in poker—thin to win—was embraced by the champion and runner-up alike, leaving observers with the feeling that the only real loser at the Civic Arena in Pittsburgh was the American Dairy Association.

Of course, the women weren't the whole show. Judy Blumberg and Michael Seibert dazzled the judges in the dance competition, earning five perfect 6.0 scores, the only ones awarded all week. In the pairs, Peter and Kitty Carruthers of Burlington, Mass. won their third straight national title, and senior men's champion Scott Hamilton of Denver skated nearly flawlessly to hold off 19-year-old Brian Boitano of Sunnyvale, Calif. Hamilton calls Boitano "probably the finest jumper I've ever seen," but Hamilton is still in a lofty class by himself. Next month in Helsinki he will defend his world championship for the third time, and he and the other U.S. skaters will get an idea of how they stand heading into the 1984 Olympics.

But Hamilton is looking forward to Helsinki for more reasons than the competition. It's there that he will unveil a new skating outfit that he promises will be "controversial." Concerned with the effeminate image that male figure skaters have been saddled with—one that's not entirely undeserved, it should be noted—Hamilton plans to wear a costume that's styled after those worn by speed skaters and gymnasts. "Some of the outfits you see out there now remind me of bad lounge acts," Hamilton said last week. He might have been describing the sequined, royal-blue costume that he wore during Saturday night's long-program competition. "I think I'm going to commit myself tonight by burning this," he said following the awards ceremony. "The professionals emphasize the artistic side of figure skating, and that's fine. But as long as we're an Olympic sport, I think the emphasis in the amateur ranks should be on the athletic side."

That debate—is it a sport or is it an art?—was central to the drama in the women's championship. "The sport's going through an athletic stage right now," Peggy Fleming, the 1968 Olympic gold medalist who is now a TV commentator, said on the eve of the competition. "I've always liked the artistic side, and I think the two sides will have to come closer together. Right now the balance of power is in the hands of the triple-jump people."

The head of the triple-jump movement within the women's ranks is Zayak, the defending world champion. She won the 1981 nationals as a precocious 15-year-old, fell three times in her free-skating program to lose the American title in 1982 and then performed seven triples en route to becoming world champion a month later. She came to Pittsburgh to regain the U.S. championship and pick up momentum for this year's worlds. To do so, Zayak had to dethrone 18-year-old Rosalynn Sumners of Edmonds, Wash., the fair-skinned, green-eyed beauty who'd seemingly won the 1982 national title by default. In Pittsburgh Sumners' coach, Lorraine Borman, was saying, "This year Rosalynn would like very much to prove that she can be both athletic and beautiful. We have four triples in our program, which I think is too many. But if that's what she wants, I'll go along with it. It's very important to her."

The last 12 months have not been easy for Sumners. After winning her crown last year, she became enamored of her instant celebrity and her discipline suffered. "You get to a certain status in skating by being left alone to train," says Hamilton. "And when Rosalynn got to the top she didn't know how to deal with the press, how to say no, how to cope with Zayak's finishing third in the na-

continued

Eschewing sugar, bread and red meat gave Sumners winning form.

tionals and then winning the worlds."

Over the summer Sumners gained weight, and when her skating suffered, she lost confidence. "The turning point came the last day of the NHK Trophy competition in Tokyo, shortly after Thanksgiving," she says. "I was pushing a salad around my plate. I had no confidence, didn't know what I wanted to do next, when my mom said, 'You want to know what I really think? You're lugging around too much weight.' That wasn't the first time someone had told me that, but before I would just say to myself, 'I'll show them,' and go get something to eat."

This time Sumners went on a diet that excluded sugar, bread, dairy products and most red meat and included 64 ounces of water every day. In the next eight weeks she dropped from 121 pounds to 104. She was now six pounds lighter than she had been when she won her U.S. title, and she'd never felt better. "Rosalynn just decided one day that she wanted to be great," says Hamilton, who was in Japan at the time Sumners made that commitment. "And once she did, I've never seen anybody work harder. She went to bed early to get up early. She had to prove to herself that winning the nationals last year wasn't a fluke."

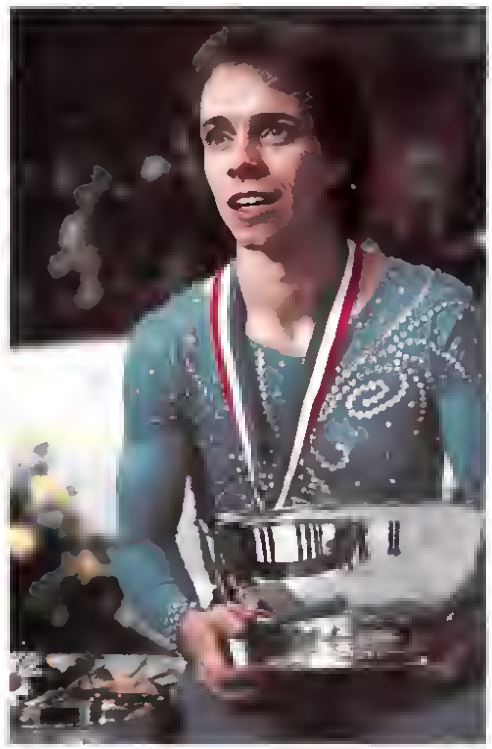
Things went well from the start for Sumners in Pittsburgh. She stood second after Wednesday's compulsory figures, which accounts for 30% of the scoring. Zayak was fourth, which didn't overly concern her coaches. Mary Lynn Gelderman, who assists Peter Burrows in coaching Zayak, said, "Elaine likes to be a fighter, a scrapper. If she were sitting ahead, I'm not sure it would be good for her. She might skate a little flat."

Zayak's terrier-like determination has led her to be called the Pete Rose of figure skating, but what had some of her followers concerned was that she arrived at the nationals carrying a stocky Rosean phy-

The rivalry between the two camps revealed itself intermittently. On Thursday morning after practice, Sumners' mother, Betty, chuckled as a reporter tried to get past her to talk to her daughter and said, "So now you all want to talk to Rosalynn. Both skaters have been out here the same amount of time, but for the last four years all anyone wrote about was Elaine."

"It's kind of a weird situation," said Zayak the morning of the short program, the two-minute freestyle event that counts for 20% of a skater's total score. "I'm sure if the press didn't play Roz and me off against each other so much, we might be friendlier."

That night both women skated clean programs, but Sumners scored all 5.8s and 5.9s on presentation points while Zayak received some 5.4s and 5.5s. "God, they love her," one skater said as Sumners' scores were flashed. "She shows a lot of style out there, a lot of pizzazz, which Elaine lacks."



After his win, Hamilton planned to burn his sequins.

Gelderman admitted that Zayak's performance "lacked some of the fire that she needs," but promised that it would be there tomorrow in the long program, which counted for 50% of the scoring.

Sumners, meanwhile, was radiant. As she was being ushered toward the post-performance press conference, Borman passed a December 1982 copy of *Skating* magazine that had a picture of Sumners in heavier days on its cover. "Look at this, Blob Baby!" Borman called to her, using a shocking nickname, given her present appearance.

At the conference Sumners treated the press to a much-needed lecture on nutrition, saying, "With fad diets you lose the fat between the muscle and the bone, which is called adipose. That's the fat you want. Don't laugh, I want to tell you this. What I lost is that other kind, the fat you don't want." Surreptitiously reporters began pinching themselves and making mental notes: no dairy products, no bread, no sugar.

Alas, the next night during Sumners' long program she fell trying a triple Salchow, and that slip probably cost her a perfect score. As it was, she received 5.9s across the board for composition and style. Sumners skated with elegance and verve, her skates seeming to dance above rather than on the ice.

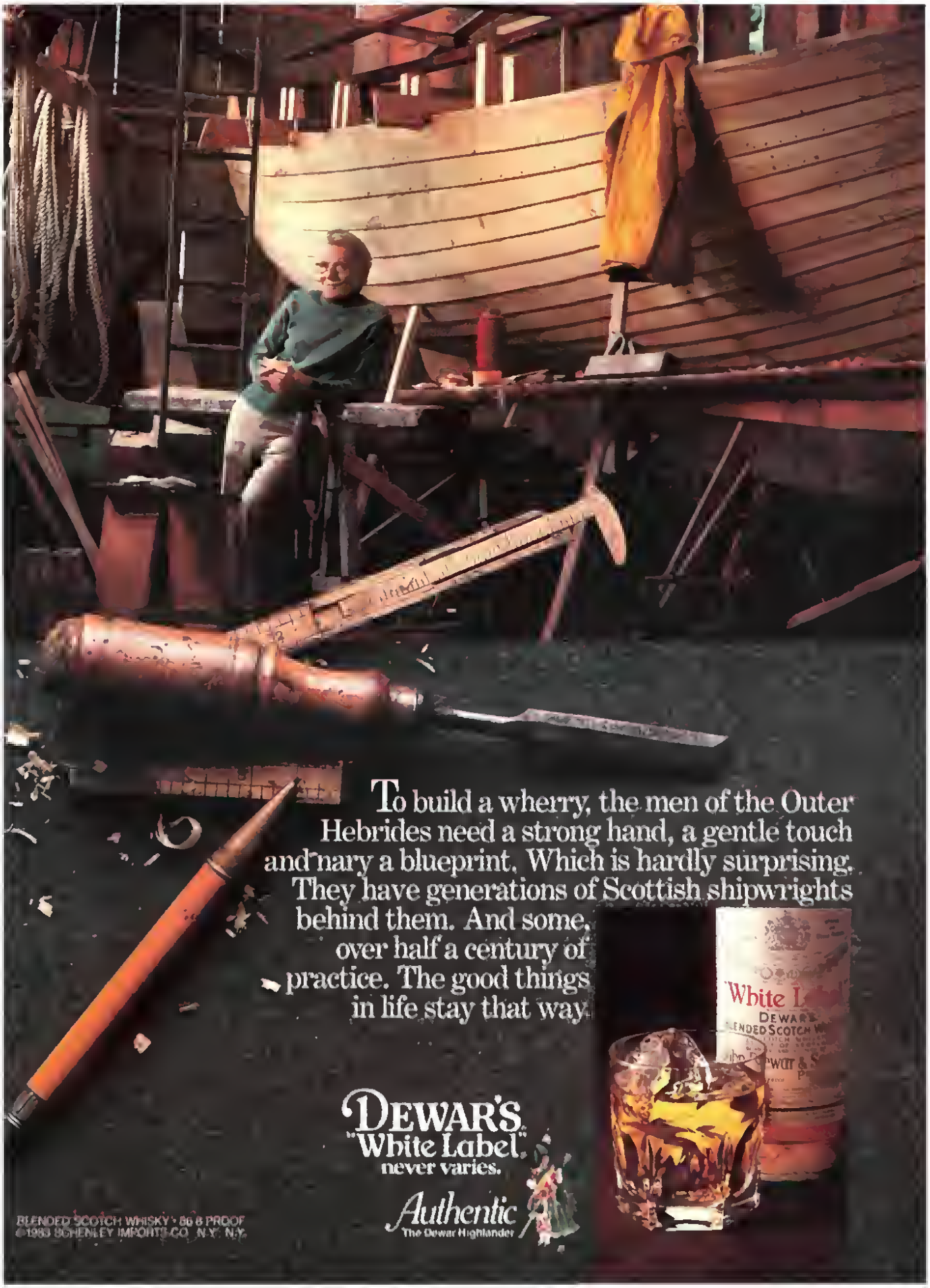
Zayak finished second, skating a clean program that seemed workmanlike in comparison to Sumners'. In third was 15-year-old Tiffany Chin of Toluca Lake, Calif., who will join Sumners and Zayak in Helsinki.

In the locker room immediately afterward, some of Zayak's old fight resurfaced. "I know what I have to do to win and I'll be damned if I'm going to let this happen again," she said. What might that be? "I'm going to lose 10 pounds," she promised. "Before I went out there tonight I prayed that if I skated a clean program, I'd lose 10 pounds. So if I don't, I'll be in a bind with God. I felt heavy on the ice. I did the jumps all right, but they looked slow. They didn't have the spark they had a year or two ago."

Gelderman agreed. "This is not a new issue with us," she said. "We've been telling Elaine, 'You can't jump at that weight.' But she proved us wrong. She can. She can jump at any weight. But now she realizes it affects her speed, her overall appearance and her lightness on her feet. It's supposed to look like there's no gravity out there."

It did—for Sumners. Which helps explain the diet that Zayak has chosen: no dairy products, no bread, no sugar, little red meat. Thin to win.

As Borman says, "I don't think these two girls are through with each other yet." **END**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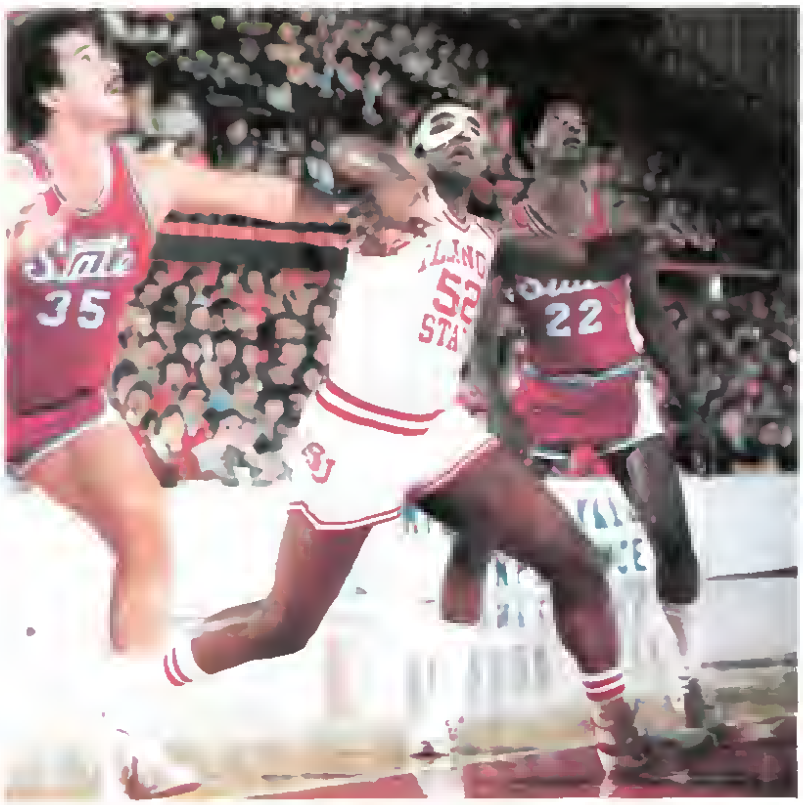

Masked man Cornley finds actual games more genteel than the Redbirds' practices.

D that's out of the Normal

Rugged Illinois State is beating up on the Missouri Valley Conference

by Anthony Cotton

An apocryphal story is making the rounds in Normal, home of the high-flying (17–2 through last weekend) Redbirds of Illinois State. Two Illinois State players are sitting in a local eatery, and three appealing young women walk in. "What'll we do?" asks one of the players. "There's three of them and only two of us." "Relax," says the other, "we'll play a zone." But that's not the punch line. The kicker is that Coach Bob Donewald immediately suspends the two players for uttering the word zone in public. Illinois State never uses a zone, thank you.

At week's end the Redbirds were at the top of the Missouri Valley Conference, tied with Wichita State, because of just one thing—a clinging, clawing man-to-man defense that leaves opponents bruised and sometimes bitter. "If you take away their cheap shots, I'd say they're the best defensive team we've faced," said Wichita State Forward Antoine Carr after being battered in a recent 54–53 loss. "That's the best defense we've played against all season," said Drake Coach Gary Garner after a 65–59 defeat on Feb. 3. Asked to name the second best, Garner replied, "No one else is close."

"I've heard us referred to as a blue-collar basketball team," says Donewald. "I think that's pretty accurate. We dig and scratch for about everything we get."

As Illinois State's victories accumulate, so do complaints about the physical pounding its opponents have had to endure from its bump 'n' no run defense. On Jan. 24 at the Redbirds' Horton Field House, Tulsa Coach Nolan Richardson, suffering through what would be a 61–55 loss, became so worked up that he got into a shoving match on the floor with Rick Lamb, the Illinois State center and premier enforcer. After the game Donewald, adding insult to injury, said of Richardson, "They ought to do something about that thug in the polka-dot shirt."

"This place is a zoo," was what Richardson had to say.

It can be argued that the Redbirds are merely doing what they had to do to survive. The tallest starter, Forward Mark Zwarts, stands only 6′ 8″. The leading scorer, the 6′ 7″ Lamb, was averaging only 13.5 points a game through last Saturday. "If this team became soft it would become mediocre very quickly," says Donewald. "Somehow we just keep making enough good plays to enjoy some success. We're not an overly gifted team." But the Redbirds' lack of outstanding natural ability is considered an asset by Donewald, who says he has neither the time nor the inclination to deal with runaway egos: "I'd much rather have players who will be a part of the program than more talented players who won't listen."

The main influence on Donewald's basketball philosophy was the five years he spent as an assistant to Bobby Knight at Indiana, during which the Hoosiers won the 1976 NCAA championship. Besides developing a taste for defense and the motion offense, which in Illinois State's case looks like five guys cruising around looking for trouble, Donewald says he learned "how a successful program should be run."

What he means by program is best demonstrated in the Redbirds' closed practices. These often make a better show than the games. Donewald and his assistants brandish their clipboards like swords, and their goading voices echo throughout the building. The players re-

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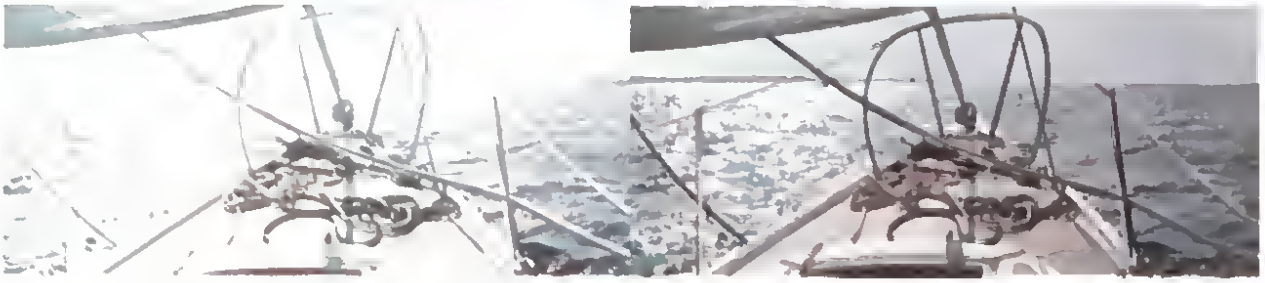

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spond by knocking the stuffing out of each other, rarely is a whistle blown. Recently, Forward Hank Cornley has taken to wearing a set of futuristic-looking goggles to protect a broken orbital bone under his right eye, the result of a UFE (unidentified flying elbow) thrown in practice.

"At the beginning of the year I tell the players that I will get on them as athletes but never as individuals, as people," says Donewald. "I have no right to do that, but they should demand that I criticize them as a coach to help their own development.

"It was a bit difficult for them to adjust to the intensity at first, but now it's something they're aware of when they come into the program. If intensity, concentration and purpose weren't characteristics that were already there in a player, then I wouldn't want him here anyway."

The players have come to agree. "Sometimes it seems like there's a fine line between his yelling helping or hurting us, but his intensity is really aimed at trying to make us better," says senior Guard Dwayne Tyus. "It's when he doesn't yell at you at all that you know he doesn't care about you."

Donewald apparently knows how to defuse intensity, too. A player who has been chewed out is allowed to relieve his frustrations on the helpless basketball by drop-kicking it into the field-house stands. So many balls get punished in this way that the student managers who have to shag them end up as tired as the players after practice. Donewald doesn't mind seeing the leather fly. "We're in a tension-filled environment from October to March, and always to suppress it isn't good," he says. "There are moments when a kid is frustrated with himself. It's psychologically healthy to allow him to release it." Though Donewald claims that the anger is never directed at the coaching staff, one can't help but wonder whether the players aren't symbolically projecting their mentors to the rafters. "Maybe," admits Forward Lou Stefanovic, who's been yelled at a lot more than once, "I'm going to kick one out of this place if I have to."

Another Donewald innovation is the traveling game film. In January, during a trip to New Mexico and West Texas State, the Redbirds were faced with a pair of long, boring bus rides, one of 2½ hours from Las Cruces to Ruidoso, N. Mex. and another of almost five hours from Ruidoso to Amarillo, Texas. Why not show an in-flight movie? With a portable generator powering a projector, the team was able to watch films of their upcoming opponents. Now the projector and a cardboard screen taped over a window are standard features on Illinois State buses. "It's not mandatory that the players watch the films," says Donewald. "A couple will watch for a while, then a couple more will watch."

Though it has been five years since Donewald took over the Redbird coaching job, Illinois State fans are still not used to the change in their team's style of play. From 1970 to '73 the team had All-America Doug Collins averaging 29.1 points per game. When Gene Smithson (since moved to Wichita State) took over in 1975, Illinois State played run-and-gun on what the fans in Normal used to call "light it up" nights at the field house. Smithson's teams scored 80 points or more in 53 of the 84 games he coached. Donewald's teams have scored 80 or more just a dozen times in the 75 games he has coached without Smithson-era starters. Smithson often wore an avocado-green leisure suit with the nickname RADAR embroidered above the chest pocket. Donewald has never owned a leisure suit; indeed, when he came his clothes looked as if they had been styled by the FBI. Smithson has had his hair done in a permanent. At Illinois State it is said that Donewald's first order of business was to call the state police and find out where they got their haircuts.

Duffsville—that was what Donewald's program was called at first. They said he had mechanical, wind-up players. The defense was needlessly pugnacious. It took a long while—until this season, really—for Donewald's methods to be fully appreciated. Says Southern Illinois-Carbondale's Allen Van Winkle, another coach whose team has been outmuscled by the Redbirds, "Your first impression is of Lamb and Cornley knocking people around inside, but Illinois State is nine players deep and plays with a lot more finesse than people give it credit for." It hasn't been finesse, however, that has enabled the Redbirds to prevail. This season Donewald had four of his five starters fitted with boxer's mouthpieces—the exception being the slender Tyus. Informed that the opinion at nearby University of Illinois, one of two teams to beat Illinois State this year, is that no Redbird is good enough to start for the Illini, Lamb said thoughtfully, "If someone told me that, I think I'd knock him down."

"We faced two very difficult games [against Wichita State and Tulsa] recently," says Donewald, "and I told our players we could come out of them in three ways: We could lose both and still be a close-knit group, lose both and become unsure of ourselves, or win both and get soft and too impressed with ourselves.

"I told them if I had only one of those three options, I'd take the first, and I meant that with all my heart."

Donewald didn't have to tell his battlers that there was a *fourth possible* outcome—win both and not get soft—which is of course what came to pass.

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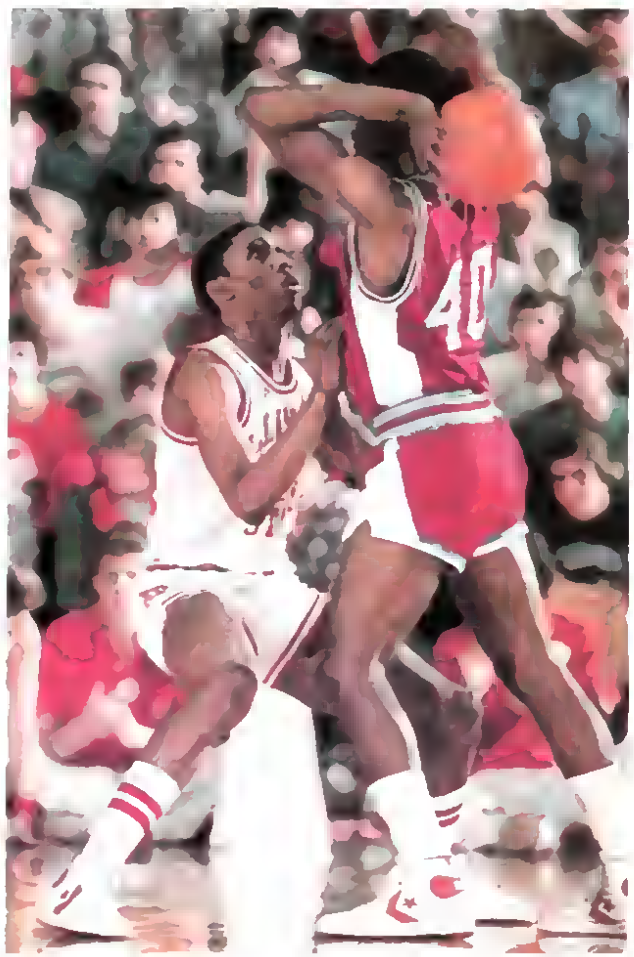
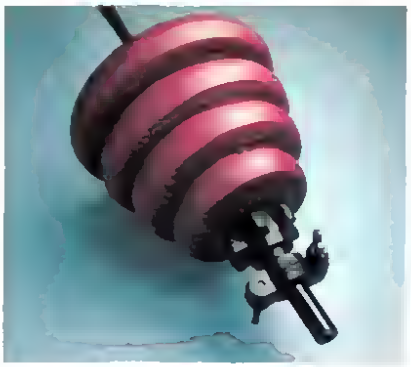


Rickie Johnson plays defense in the Donewald style, knee to knee.



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THE WEEK

(Jan. 31-Feb. 6)

by ROGER JACKSON

WEST The University of Nevada, Las Vegas remained the nation's only unbeaten major college team, but it had to struggle at home against two lower-echelon PCAA opponents. The Rebels were sluggish in an 85–79 victory over last-place UC-Santa Barbara. "It was one of those nights," said UNLV Guard Jeff Collins. "It's hard to get up for UC-Santa Barbara. That's been our problem. We're playing teams that aren't supposed to beat us."

One of those teams, UC-Irvine, almost did upset UNLV the next night. After freshman Eldridge Hudson sank a pair of free throws with 15 seconds remaining to give the Rebels a two-point lead, Irvine's George Turner missed a three-point attempt that left UNLV with a shaky 70–68 win. Vegas Center Sid Green had 47 points and 22 rebounds in the two games.

When asked why UCLA has so much trouble getting started against its opponents, Bruin Coach Larry Farmer said, "Maybe this is the kind of team that has to have its back against the wall or be threatened before it responds." He may be right. With Washington State leading 85–84 with 1:03 left in overtime, the Bruins were in danger of losing to the Cougars in Pauley Pavilion for the first time. But Bruin Forward Kenny Fields, who scored nine of his 26 points in OT, hit a turnaround jumper with 52 seconds left to put UCLA ahead 86–85, and then converted a three-point play with 16 seconds left to give the Bruins an 89–87 victory. On Saturday, UCLA, again paced by Fields who had 22 points, extended its lead over the second-place Cougars to 1½ games by whipping Washington 84–65, while Southern Cal was upsetting Washington State 56–49.

MIDWEST After Tulane upset Memphis State 58–56 to snap the Tigers' 29-game homecourt winning streak, Memphis State Coach Dana Kirk dourly said, "You're supposed to smile a lot when you win and smile a little when you lose. But I can't find much to smile about."

Kirk could thank the Green Wave's Paul Thompson and John Williams for that. Thompson, a senior forward, and Williams, a sophomore center, combined for 31 points and 14 rebounds. Williams held the Tigers' Keith Lee, who had scored at a 28.6 clip in his three previous games, to 14. Memphis State had a miserable 43.1% shooting percentage. "Our players missed shots they haven't missed in two years," Kirk said.

Kirk and the Tigers had reason for joy earlier in the week, when Memphis beat Virginia Tech 73–64 to avenge the Tigers' first defeat of the season. Lee had 23 points, 14 rebounds and five blocked shots. After Metro Conference leader Louisville won a 79–73 victory at Cincinnati, it hosted another flock of Cardinals from Lamar and walloped the Southland Conference leaders 85–60. Playing before their parents, Thomas and Shirley, Rodney and Scooter McCray combined to score 27 points and grab 20 rebounds.

Three Missouri Valley Conference games took unusual twists for Illinois State. The Redbirds won 56–55 at Bradley by intentionally allowing an easy basket. With three seconds to go, the Braves needed a three-point field goal to tie the game, but upon inbounding the ball from under their own basket, Barney Mines instinctively passed to a wide-open Roosevelt Davison for a harmless two-point layup as the buzzer sounded.

"I knew they couldn't beat us inside," said Illinois State Center Rick Lamb. "I figured they'd throw it outside and go for three. What they did was stupid, because there was no way they could win from there."

Three nights later, against Drake, the Redbirds, who had been successful on only one of 14 three-point attempts this season, hit four in a row—three of them by Guard Brad Duncan—in a 65–59 comeback victory. "I'm afraid these close games are going to catch up with us," said Lamb, and he was right. New Mexico State handed the Redbirds their worst loss at home in four years, 66–50.

Wichita State Coach Gene Smithson was so upset with the play of his leading scorer, Antoine Carr, at Indiana State that he benched him for eight minutes in the first half and ripped into him at halftime when the Shockers were leading 42–41. Whereupon Carr kicked into overdrive in the second half, scoring 22 of his game-high 28 points as the Shockers won 89–81. "Even the best of cars stall sometimes," said Antoine, pun obviously intended. Wichita State then defeated New Mexico State 101–80, as reserve Forward Karl Papke had career highs in both scoring (26) and rebounding (14). The Shockers then got 26 points from Aubrey Sherrod in an 85–63 rout of West Texas State. Wichita State Forward Xavier McDaniel, the nation's top rebounder, had 64 points and 51 rebounds in the three games.

After Missouri struggled past Colorado 68–65 in double overtime, Tiger Coach Norm Stewart groused, "We wallowed around like a hog in the mud. I thought the best thing we did was persevere and win the ballgame." The Tigers did that by hitting 24 of 37 free throws, compared to Colorado's 13 of 15. Steve Stipanovich and Jon Sundvold combined for 40 points, Sundvold icing the victory by hitting a pair of foul shots with one second left. Stipanovich added 21 points and 12 rebounds in Mizzou's 82–50 rout of Kansas State, the most one-sided outcome in the 171-game history of the series. "This was the most enjoy-

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able game we've had here," Stewart told a broadcaster later. "When you've got that big a lead, even you or I can play."

Freshman sensation Wayman Tisdale scored 23 points in Oklahoma's 60–59 loss at Nebraska, and then exploded for 46 points, hitting 17 of 23 from the field and 12 of 15 from the foul line in a 102–74 rout of Iowa State.

After Houston ripped visiting Baylor 86–69, Cougar Forward Clyde Drexler said, "I got tired of being down. It was my turn to take some shots." Drexler, who had scored just 14 points in Cougar victories over Arkansas and Rice, had told Coach Guy Lewis that he was due for a big night. He delivered, scoring 29 points and getting 12 rebounds. Seven-foot Akeem Olajuwon had only eight points but grabbed eight rebounds and blocked nine shots. "I just wish some Baptist missionary in Nigeria had told *me* about him first," moaned Baylor Coach Jim Haller afterward. The Cougars stretched their Southwest Conference record to 9–0 with an 86–66 thrashing of Texas A&M in College Station. Second-place Arkansas, led by Darrell Walker's 14 points and seven rebounds, burned Rice in Fayetteville for the 18th straight time, 70–43.

EAST Pittsburgh Guard Billy Culbertson knew that if the Panthers were to have a chance in their game against Big East leader St. John's, they would need a virtuoso performance from Center Andre Williams. Williams had been in a six-game scoring slump so woeful that many observers, even Pitt Coach Roy Chipman, questioned whether Williams was ready for the Big East's big-time competition. So on the day of the game, Culbertson began his psych job. "I kept telling him he was no good," said Culbertson. "I told him he had to drive and shoot." Culbertson's reverse psychology worked: Williams hit seven of 10 from the field and a perfect 10 of 10 from the line to lead Pitt to a 72–71 upset of St. John's.

The loss temporarily knocked the Redmen out of first place in the Big East, but they regained the lead with an 82–57 rout of Seton Hall at home. "I looked at the films of the loss to Pitt, and it just seemed that every move we made, we were one step behind them," said St. John's Coach Lou Carnesecca. "I don't know if that's mental or physical, but tonight we weren't a step behind anybody."

Villanova Forward Eddie Pinckney is called E-Z Ed by his teammates, but he was anything but easy on Georgetown. Pinckney scored 27 points, got 22 rebounds and blocked three shots in leading the Wildcats to a 68–67 comeback win. "This is my finest hour as a player," said Pinckney, "and I'm going to enjoy it." He triggered the win by hitting a pair of foul shots with eight seconds left and blocking a baseline jumper by the Hoyas' Michael Jackson at the other end with three seconds left. Villanova found the going rough-

SI TOP 20

1.	UNLV (20–0)	1 *
2.	N. CAROLINA (20–3)	4
3.	VIRGINIA (19–2)	7
4.	UCLA (16–2)	5
5.	INDIANA (17–2)	8
6.	MEMPHIS STATE (17–2)	2
7.	ST. JOHN'S (19–2)	3
8.	WICHITA STATE (17–2)	9
9.	MISSOURI (18–3)	10
10.	ILLINOIS STATE (17–2)	8
11.	LOUISVILLE (18–3)	11
12.	HOUSTON (18–2)	13
13.	ARKANSAS (18–1)	15
14.	GEORGETOWN (16–5)	14
15.	TENNESSEE (14–5)	—
16.	PURDUE (15–4)	—
17.	VILLANOVA (14–4)	18
18.	KENTUCKY (14–5)	17
19.	GEORGIA (15–4)	16
20.	OKLAHOMA (17–5)	19

* Last week

er at Boston College; Pinckney hit just two of three shots and scored eight points in the 'Cat's 76–70 upset loss. On Sunday Georgetown beat DePaul in Landover, Md., 71–65 behind Patrick Ewing's 20 points.

North Carolina disposed of three more opponents, increasing its winning streak to 17 and giving Dean Smith a record 13 consecutive years of 20 or more wins as a coach. The Tar Heels beat Clemson 84–81, dusting off the Four Corners offense in the final 1:32 to protect its lead. North Carolina then steamrolled two Southern Conference foes in the 25th annual north-south doubleheaders in Charlotte. On the first night Carolina blitzed the Citadel 81–36, limiting the Bulldogs to just 27.8% shooting from the floor. The next evening the Tar Heels mauled Furman 78–43, forcing the Paladins into 17 first-half turnovers and 32 overall.

"Going into the last nine games [of the regular season] I decided I wanted to assert myself," said Virginia's Ralph Sampson after he asserted himself by scoring 30 points, 25 in the first half, and grabbing 12 rebounds in the Cavaliers' 89–75 win over Wake Forest. Sampson got only 10 points in the Cav's subsequent game with Duke in Charlottesville, but his offense was hardly missed. Led by Tim Mullen's career-high 23 points, including five three-pointers, the Cavs routed the too-young Blue Devils 105–84.

MIDEAST The recent play of 7′ 2″ Uwe Blab, Indiana's Teutonic Tower, had made his face almost as red as his hair. "Coach [Bobby] Knight told me to be more aggressive," Blab said after he scored 12 points and brought down 12 rebounds but missed two successive dunks in an 83–73 victory over Wisconsin. "I usually don't even take the dunk shot when I've got the chance," Blab said. "I never take a dunk shot and I'm 7′ 2″. That's embarrassing." But two days later, in the Hoosiers' showdown with Minnesota for first place in the Big Ten, Blab unleashed his blitzkrieg. With the Gophers leading 14–6, Blab reeled off 11 straight points, triggering a 26–5 Hoosier spurt that put them on top 32–19. Blab finished with 15 points and Ted Kitchel added 20 as Indiana rolled 76–51.

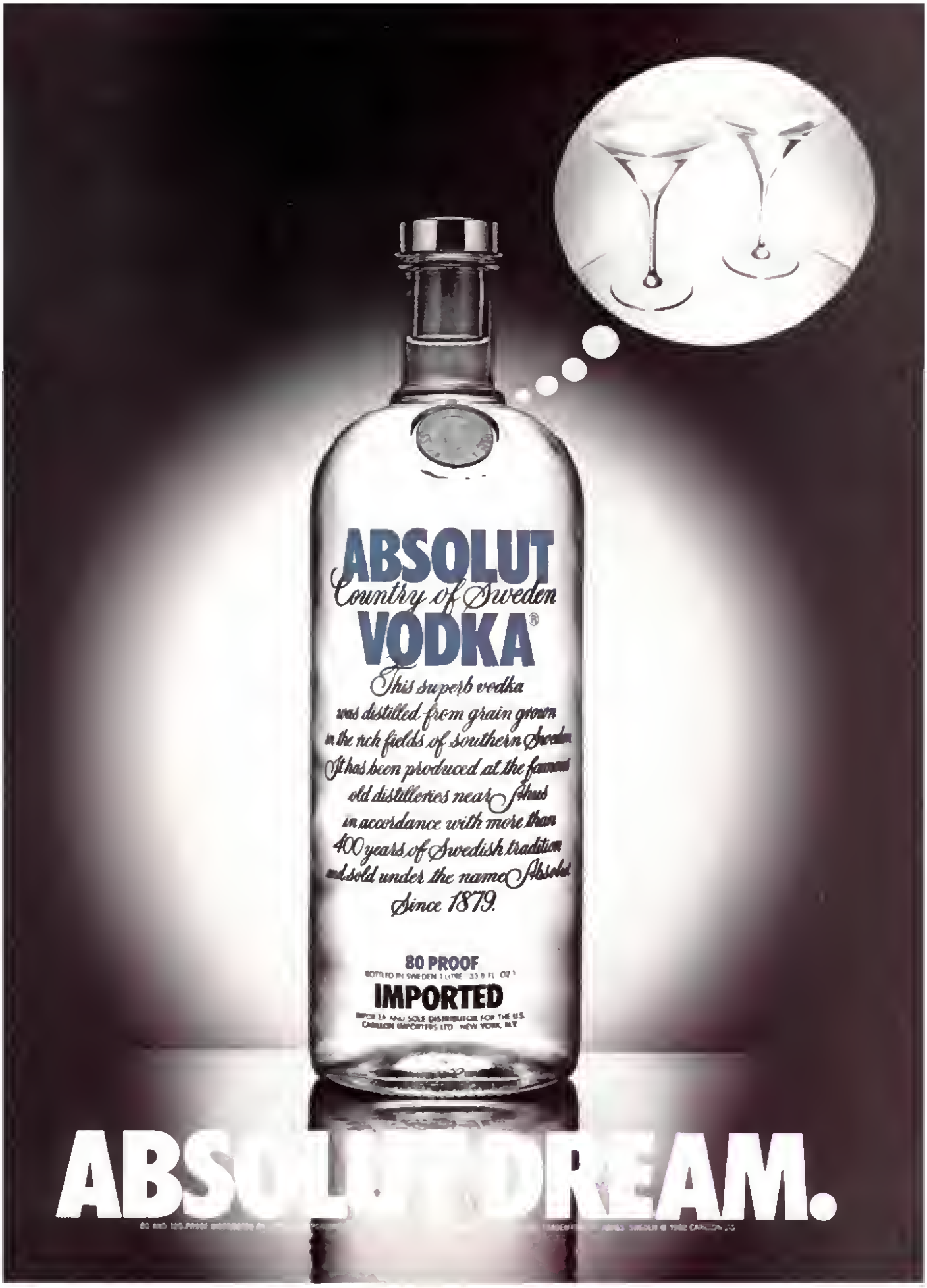
Earlier, Minnesota had edged momentarily into first place with an 89–80 double-overtime win at Ohio State. Sophomore Guard Tommy Davis scored half his 22 points in the two overtimes to spark the Gophers. Iowa lost a pair of road games just short of the wire, falling 62–61 at Illinois, when Steve Carfino's 18-footer with 10 seconds left fell short, and 60–57 at Purdue, when Boilermaker Steve Reid hit a three-point shot with one second left to play.

Georgia Coach Hugh Durham was concerned that his Bulldogs' upset victory over Kentucky in Athens two weeks earlier would leave his team flat against Vanderbilt. "You can't afford to celebrate too long in this league anymore," Durham said, "because the next team you play is just as tough as the last one." He needn't have worried about the game with the Commodores; Georgia raced to a 23–9 lead early in the first half and buried Vandy 86–61. But his words proved prophetic. Louisiana State, getting 66.0% shooting from the field and 23 points from Howard (Hi-C) Carter, surprised the Dogs 70–59. The loss dropped Georgia into a six-way logjam for the SEC lead with Vanderbilt, Ole Miss, Auburn, Tennessee and Kentucky. The Wildcats lost 65–63 to the Vols in Knoxville, despite getting a career-high 42 points from Melvin Turpin. "I rested all day Sunday and all day today [Monday] and just pushed myself harder than I ever have, and it still wasn't enough," Turpin said later. The Wildcats had enough left to beat Alabama 76–70 in Lexington. Turpin scored 16 points, including a three-point play with 20 seconds left to secure the victory.

Tennessee Coach Don DeVoe wore a lucky red necktie in the Vols' victory over Kentucky and repeated the ritual in a subsequent 65–53 win over Ole Miss. "And I'll wear it again as long as we win," DeVoe vows. Of course, everyone knows how quickly styles change in the SEC these days. **END**

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

XAVIER McDANIEL: The sophomore forward scored 64 points, hitting 24 of 44 from the field and 16 of 25 from the line, and had 51 rebounds as Wichita State won three Missouri Valley Conference games.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by Craig Neff

One flies high, one just flies

After Billy Olson vaulted to an indoor mark, Carl Lewis set a 60-yard record

For a chilling moment at last Friday night's Toronto Star Maple Leaf Games, both Billy Olson and the pole vault crossbar were descending from 19 feet, destined for either the edge of the vaulting pad—or the bare, spike-chewed plywood of the sprint runway just beyond it. No one was sure where Olson would land, though he himself was thinking wood. "I was scared to death," Olson said later. "I figured, two broken legs."

Olson, who was making his first attempt at a world indoor record of 19′ ¼″, had propelled himself to a tremendous height—five or six inches above what he needed to become history's first 19-foot indoor vaulter—but had also veered dangerously to the right. In his eagerness to clear 19, he had used his stiffest pole and charged down the runway so furiously that fellow vaulter Earl Bell later described the effort as "suicidal." As 11,500 fans in Maple Leaf Gardens sat transfixed, Olson acted out of self-preservation. He aborted his jump, coming down squarely on the crossbar and using body English to keep as much of himself over the landing pad as possible. He caught the last two feet of cushion. After a moment, Olson stood up, shaken.

"I could have *killed* myself," he told Bell and Pacific Coast Club Coach Tom Jennings, who were sitting near the vault runway. "It's a long way down from up there." Indeed, only Thierry Vigneron of France and Vladimir Polyakov of the Soviet Union had ever cleared 19 feet or higher officially, both having done so outdoors in June of 1981. Olson's best had been his indoor world record of 18′ 10¾″, set two weeks earlier in Los Angeles.

"Next time try staying on the pad," said Jennings.

"Aim for the middle," advised Bell.

"It's not funny," said Olson, whose career was nearly ended in 1980 when he missed the pad and shattered his left wrist. "But what do you think?" he asked. "Should I switch back to the 15.2 [a more flexible pole] this time?"

"I think you should establish sanity and mental health this time," answered Bell.

Olson, 24, from Abilene, Texas, had calmly predicted that he would crack 19 feet in Toronto, where last winter he'd set the first of his six indoor world records. "The Canadian fans sound just like Texans," he said. "This must be what they call North Texas, the Canadian Panhandle." Olson loves almost everything about Canada, right down to the domestic brew. "Molson," he says. "That's a mighty great beer because it has my name in it." But most important to Olson in targeting Toronto for his special try at 19 feet was the deceivingly quick runway in Maple Leaf Gardens. To the casual eye it's nothing more than plywood covered by a narrow course of brown rubber; to Olson it's the best indoor runup anywhere. He had so much confidence in it that on Friday he didn't enter the competition until 18′ 4¾″, and after clearing that height on his second attempt to win the meet, he immediately decided to go for 19′ ¼″. "You *dummy*," Jennings shouted, preferring that Olson attempt an intermediate height first. But Olson didn't want to waste his energy. "You want to come out here and try it?" he asked.

It was exactly 10:16 p.m. when Olson went to the head of the runway, lifted his pole—the more flexible model he'd used on his first two jumps—and began his 145-foot run toward the standards for a second crack at the record. Olson has been clocked by radar gun at 8.8 meters per second during his approach, a record among vaulters, but according to Bell, "This was the best run I've ever seen. By him or anyone. It was *lo-co-motion*."

It was also breathtaking. Olson, who has recently strengthened his upper body by lifting dumbbells, planted cleanly, drove powerfully into the pole, rose and arced smoothly over the bar, barely touching it on top with his chest. As Olson hit the pit, the bar quavered gently. It didn't fall.

"He *screamed* it," declared high jumper Milt Ottey.

continued

"A Pacific Coast Club record," added Jennings.

Olson, meanwhile, remained on his back. "I tried to stand up, but I got a case of jelly legs," he said later. The 19-foot vault was a goal he'd pursued for years. As long ago as 1979, when he was a mere 18′ ½″ vaulter, he'd put vanity plates on his Olds Cutlass that read: 19 FEET. "When I first saw them I asked Billy what he was doing driving Vigneron's car," recalls Jennings. But that was before Olson really got into the driver's seat. His record on Friday, for instance, gave him the seven best indoor marks of all time and put him five inches ahead of any other American vaulter ever indoors. And it gave him yet more confidence. "I'm going to beat this tomorrow in Dallas," he vowed. "Watch me."

For most of Saturday night's Dallas Times Herald Invitational, however, Olson was doing the watching. Because television cameras were located in the vaulting area during the sprints, the pole vault was postponed until late in the evening, a change Olson didn't learn of until he reached Reunion Arena, some three hours before his first jump. "They want Olson to break a world record here, but they go and mess him up just for TV," grumbled Jennings.

While Olson was in the stands visiting with some of the 46 people he had invited to the meet—family, friends and ninth-graders from the weekly Bible study group he and his girl friend direct—another athlete who's unafraid to challenge his events' historic barriers took to the track. Carl Lewis, the world's preeminent long jumper and its fastest 100-meter man, has already come within 5½ inches of Bob Beamon's awesome 29′ 2½″ long jump in the 1968 Olympics and closed within .05 of a second of Jim Hines's 9.95 100 in the same Games. Here he was entered in the 60-yard dash, though there seemed little likelihood that he would break Stanley Floyd's world record of 6.04 seconds. "Everybody always says I'm too tall to run the short indoor sprints," the 6′ 2″ Lewis would say later. "I just wanted to prove them wrong."

To win a dash at the Times Herald meet without setting a record is difficult; before Saturday, the 3-year-old meet had produced seven world sprint and hurdle marks. And so it was not surprising that Lewis, who hadn't entered a sprint since last summer, won his heat in an outstanding 6.13 despite a terrible start. "I've gotten used to the European starters, who are very slow," he said. "Here the starter didn't hold the gun long at all, and I was left sitting there."

Though his poor start had him feeling "a little shell-blasted," Lewis came out as if fired from a gun in the 60 final. He ran down Bruce Davis, a wide receiver for Baylor, and held off Herschel Walker, a sometimes running back for Georgia, to win by a full stride. He was clocked in 6.02, .10 faster than second-place Walker and .02 under Floyd's world record.

"It's been two *years* since I ran a decent 60," said Lewis, who blazed a lap of the 176-yard track when his time was announced. "I've always wanted the 60 record. That and the 100." Though not necessarily in that order.

"I was supposed to go compete in *The Superstars* this weekend, but I decided to concentrate on this meet instead," he said, obviously glad he had. However, he had been practicing his golf, bowling and swimming in anticipation of his ABC appearance. "This year I'm going to diversify myself," he said. "The reason is that the sprints and long jump get boring." He spoke of running more 200s and 400s and even trying triple jumping. "If the time situation works out, I will," he said. "I used to do it casually in high school."

Lewis' versatility is apparently limitless, except that he can't play basketball. "I can't put a ball in the ocean," he says. Lewis is even an *Esquire* Man; he will appear in formal attire on the cover of an upcoming issue. "It's really funny. It turns out that the guy who did the story on me for them was actually my freshman-year, first-semester English teacher," says Lewis, now a senior at the University of Houston. When he is asked how he did in the course, Lewis just smiles and says, "That's O.K."

Olson was looking anything but O.K. when he took his first vault, at 18′ 4½″. He was struggling so much that he needed three vaults to clear that height. He required three more jumps to make 18′ 8¼″, a respectable height when you consider that no other person has ever vaulted higher indoors.

Olson took his last three vaults with the bar at 19′ ¾″, the same height as Polyakov's outdoor record. Weary from five hours of mostly sitting around, he nevertheless followed the Second Principle of Vaulting, as taught to him by Don Hood, his coach at Abilene Christian. "You can't win a horse race by yelling whoa." (First Principle: Run fast, hold high and carry a big pole.) And Olson's second and third tries at 19′ ¾″ were tantalizingly close, a sign that a major leap forward in the outdoor world record may not be too far off.

"Billy could go 20," says Hood. "He's got all the tools." All Olson needs, perhaps, are the proper license plates. **END**

At the end of his 6.02-second dash, Lewis was No. 1 in the race—and the record book.

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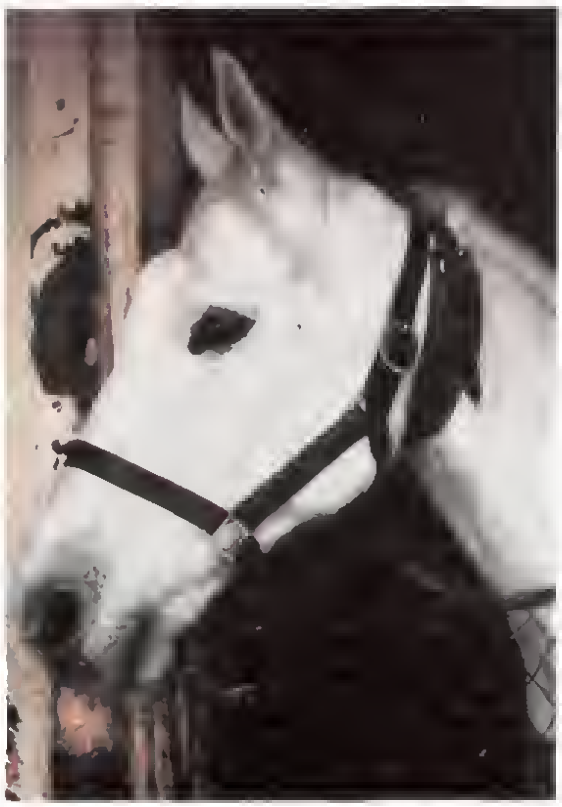
A case of rare vintage Port

Still racing and winning money at 14, Port Conway Lane is a real corker

by Demmie Stathoplos



Having won his 50th race, it appears that Port's next big move may be to sprout a unicorn horn.

It's a sad but inevitable truth that by the time a racehorse passes the age of 10, he's usually either bent, bowed or (shudder!) bowwow burgers. Not Port Conway Lane, who's 14 but is definitely none of the above. Racing fans call him the Old Man, though you'd never know it to see the gelding run. "Port's a real rarity," says Chris Scherf of the Thoroughbred Racing Association. Oh, there are a few other thoroughbreds who are still running at Port's age, but none has won as many races—last fall, at the age of 13, Port Conway Lane racked up his 50th victory.

Let's go back to Nov. 24, a sunny, blustery day at Laurel (Md.) Race Course, and the start of the second race, a $5,000 claiming race to be run at a mile. The gates spring open, the nine-horse field breaks well and the crowd of 6,461 is on its feet, going a little crazier than usual. These are serious horseplayers; they've been studying the past performances, and they know that the Old Man is going for his 50th. As the field approaches the top of the stretch, Port, who's giving away as many as nine years to the competition, makes his move. He's tracking a 6-year-old upstart named Classy Mac, who's second to the Old Man's third and then first to the Old Man's second. Near the 16th pole, Port passes Classy Mac and goes on to win by half a length.

When Port is led into the winner's circle, the Laurel fans, packed four deep around him, cheer and applaud. The horse's whole crew is there, including his trainer, 48-year-old King T. Leatherbury, who usually doesn't bother to go down to the winner's circle. Port's jockey, Bill Passmore, no kid himself at 49, pats the old horse and smiles. Passmore, too, is known as the Old Man, and someone in the crowd shouts, "Hey, King, why don't you turn them both out to pasture?" There's a lot of guffawing at this. Port Conway Lane's owner, 23-year-old Glenn Lane (no kin), is also on hand. Lane knows that, like fame, the owning of claimers is fleeting.

Leatherbury, an unsentimental man who has been training for 24 years, is moved to say, "I've never been with a horse who got such an ovation. All those people yelling for the Old Man! It brought tears to my eyes."

Leatherbury and Port Conway Lane go back a long way together. When a Baltimore furniture salesman named William Stokes bought the colt at the September yearling sales at Keeneland in 1970 for a mere $7,000, it was Leatherbury who took over as trainer. They have done very well together. After winning allowance races at two, three and four years old, Port moved up in class and started winning stakes races: the Bowie, Baltimore and Greenville handicaps at five, and the Baltimore and Terrapin at six.

Shortly thereafter, it was decided that Port deserved a rest, so he was turned out at Leatherbury's 200-acre farm in West River, Md. He hated it. Most horses become placid and lazy down on the farm; Port became a nervous wreck. He stopped eating. He paced about his paddock. So after only three months, it was back to the track where he has been thriving ever since.

Port's 50th win was also the 227th time he'd put his nose across a finish line, and it brought his lifetime earnings to a handsome $420,481. His three races since then have increased that amount to

continued

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$422,291. Mind you, those paychecks have gone to 43 different owners and were earned at 17 different racetracks, from Monmouth Park to Hialeah. In 1982 Port picked up $18,685, more than enough to keep him in oats.

But being in a claiming race is a lot like dropping into a singles bar. You never know whom you'll end up going home with. When Port won No. 50, he'd already been claimed nine times. Three of those times, Leatherbury did the claiming. After the 50th, the trainer started getting phone calls from prospective buyers. One was from a man in Kentucky offering $1,000. "He said he wanted to buy Port for a conversation piece," said Leatherbury. "And another guy called from Virginia and offered to take him off my hands for $500. Port would bring about $600 at the dog-food factory, he's so fat, so $1,000 isn't all that much."

Leatherbury said he planned to keep racing Port until the gelding stopped picking up checks, at which point he'd either be sold or turned out on Leatherbury's farm, whether Port liked it or not. As it turned out, this decision was taken out of Leatherbury's hands on Dec. 3, when Port Conway Lane was entered in another $5,000 claiming race at Laurel. He finished second and was claimed by 51-year-old trainer Marvin Kuhn on behalf of 70-year-old J. McLean Shepherd, a retired tobacco farmer from Harwood, Md. "Racing claimers is like a poker game," said Leatherbury. "You try to read the other guy's mind. I was shocked to lose Port. I didn't think anyone would claim a horse this old. But there haven't been 10 trainers in the history of racing who've claimed more horses than I have. You live by the sword, you die by it."

As for Kuhn, he said he didn't claim Port for the publicity. "I did it because he makes money," he said. And it wasn't as if Port were being picked up by some total strangers. The first person to claim Port, in June of 1978, was Barbara Shepherd Vranas, Kuhn's assistant trainer and J. McLean's daughter. In fact, Kuhn has claimed Port three times and sold him once, all for different owners.

Shepherd, who's been retired since 1979, has owned thoroughbreds off and on for the past 10 years. "It helps me pass the time to have a racehorse to watch," he said. "I've seen Port win a lot of races. You can't help knowing him, he's been around so long." Shepherd does own one other horse, but he's turned out, so at least for now, the Old Man is the only horse the old man will be watching.

Port's first outing under his new-old trainer was in a 1 1/16th-mile starter handicap on Jan. 8 at Bowie. The competition included horses that had recently won races worth as much as $12,500; the Old Man was sent off at 11–1 in the field of 11. He finished 11th. "Outrun" read the *Daily Racing Form*. Seventeen days later Port brought in a $660 paycheck for Shepherd by finishing third in a six-furlong race. The Old Man just might be working his way up to a 51st win.

Because there's no age limit for racing in Maryland, it's possible that Port will keep going to the post for years to come. His tattered foal certificate—it has been passed around to so many racetracks that it's held together with Scotch tape—indicates that he is, or was, a gray colt, foaled on March 10, 1969, by Bold Commander (sire of the 1970 Kentucky Derby winner Dust Commander) out of an unraced mare named Grey Taffety. Next to "marks" the certificate reads, "Large star and connected irregular stripe, ending in center of face." You can't see the star and stripe anymore. As Port aged he turned increasingly whiter, and the marks have faded. Now there's a large bump, a benign subcutaneous tumor, where the star used to be. The folks who work around Port suspect he may turn into a unicorn someday. Indeed, his reputation for consistency and durability has already reached near-mythic proportions.

Port does not know he is old. When exercise rider Mike Torre takes him out for a mile and a quarter gallop, the gelding comes bounding back like a 2-year-old. "The first week or so, I had trouble getting along with him during his works, until I figured out how he wants to gallop," says Torre. "He likes to go along at his own pace. He's too smart to do anything to hurt himself." Which probably explains why he's lasted so long.

Meanwhile, Kuhn has gotten an offer equal to the original price paid for Port back in 1970 from a man who owns a big farm on Maryland's eastern shore. The man wants to use Port as a hunter. "He'd be a good hunter," says Kuhn. "Hell, he'd only have to go out maybe once a week."

In winning No. 50, Port edged 6-year-old Classy Mac, who wasn't quite classy enough.

Although Kuhn is seriously considering the offer, his immediate plans are to enter Port in a three-quarter-mile $6,500 claiming race on Valentine's Day at Bowie. His 231st start. But Kuhn will have to watch out for Port's old trainer. "I won't say that I *will* take this horse back," Leatherbury said after Kuhn claimed Port from him. "That would be tipping my hand. But I might."

The white-haired Old Man probably doesn't care who owns him. Just as long as whoever it is doesn't try to turn him out in some beautiful pasture. That would drive him crazy. **END**

In a dusty classroom, the Jamaica College track team loosens up after a run through the streets of Kingston.

Land Of Sprinters And

DREAMERS

For decades Jamaicans have excelled in the dashes, perhaps because running is a fast way to a better life

by KENNY MOORE

continued

Let's assume you've just made your way here from the evocative scenes of the middle pages. Your hands are still a little unsteady. Your breathing seems a bit more ragged than usual. Well, whether you tremble from appetite or indignation or simply from the relief of a few moments without winter, if you keep reading back here, you're in for a further jolt. The transition from Jamaica's North Coast settings, so languid and lubricious in their perfect light, to the life and sporting concerns of the rest of the island can be jarring, even upsetting.

The contrast is that profound one between First World and Third, between visitor and native, between a most luscious manifestation of a wealthy colossus and an island with fewer people than Mississippi, less land than Connecticut and not very much money at all.

Jamaica's per capita income in 1981 was $1,340. It is derived almost totally from bananas, bauxite, sugar and tourism. The administration of former Prime Minister Michael Manley (1972-1980) had socialist sympathies which made investment capitalists edgy. Similar fears caused a near-exodus of professional and business people. Unemployment rose to more than 30%. The present government of Edward Seaga espouses a free market policy and has cut the inflation rate from 18% to 8.4%, but a quarter of the work force is still unemployed. The result is abysmally low pay for those lucky enough to have jobs. Unskilled workers in the electronics and beverage industries make between $47 and $105 a week (U.S. dollars). Meanwhile, chicken is $2 a pound, gas is $2.60 a gallon. There are some lovely homes in the foothills of the Blue Mountains behind Kingston, the capital, but in the city, most Jamaicans live very close to the bone.

Yet it's from these hardscrabble families that the nation's proudest athletic tradition continues to flow. Jamaica is a fountain of sprinters. Since 1948, when Arthur Wint and Herb McKenley finished 1-2 in the Olympic 400 meters (and 2nd in the 800 and 4th in the 200, respectively), there has seldom been a year without one or two Jamaicans near the top of the list of best sprinters. George Rhoden won the 1952 Olympic 400 and McKenley was again second. McKenley got a third silver medal in the 1952 100 and is the only man ever to make all three

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Kingston College scenes: Thompson directs one of Jamaica's top teams from a very small desk; KC runners train in the rocky college courtyard; students proudly display their old school ties.

Olympic sprint finals. Lennox Miller's 10.04 was second to Jim Hines's world-record 9.95 in the 1968 Mexico City Olympic 100 and Miller won the bronze medal in the 100 in '72. Don Quarrie won the 1976 200 in 20.23 and was second in the 100 to Trinidad's Hasely Crawford. Last year, Bert Cameron was ranked No. 1 in the 400 by *Track & Field News*.

But this recurring genius isn't just coincidence. Jamaican high schools send as many as a dozen teams to the Penn Relays every year. In 1981, Quarrie's alma mater, Camperdown College (in Jamaica, a high school is usually called a college in the manner typical of British Commonwealth nations), won the high school 4x100-meter relay there in 40.90. "Our time was faster than that of the winner of the IC4A college-division race," says Glen Mills, who has coached Camperdown for 13 years. "I got tired of people asking me whether we were an all-star team from all over Jamaica. I said, 'Then where did the second-place team come from?' "

It came from Kingston. Nearly all the country's best sports schools are located in or near this city of 671,000, and any study of Jamaican sprinting excellence must proceed in its smoky, noisy urban center. Walking along North Street, for example, a mile from the docks, in search of Kingston College, one is approached by a wiry youth with the matted locks of Rastafarianism. "Ah, mon, I know what you want."

"Well, I want to find the school at this address. . . ."

He seems able to walk a yard from one's side and at the same time rasp in one's ear, "Ah, but besides that. You want ganja [marijuana]. You want *sinsemilla* [higher-potency marijuana]."

"No. Lord, that would give me bad dreams."

"Not this ganja. This will let your spirit soar. This will let you see the truth of things for the first time. This will put you at rest with your soul."

"Look, all I need to relax is to get my bearings."

"Oh, mon. Relax around here and you be lost."

He slides away into the sidewalk swirl. The crush seems to affirm the need for such exhortations as the one on the billboard overhead: IT TAKES ONE MINUTE TO GET PREGNANT. THAT SOUNDS EASY. IT TAKES 20 YEARS TO RAISE A CHILD. THINK THAT'S EASY? PLAN TO HAVE ONLY TWO CHILDREN.

A minute to get pregnant? This is indeed a nation of sprinters. Another billboard advertises Sanatogen Tonic Wine—27 PROOF TONIC AND RESTORATIVE. IT'S A GOOD, HEALTHY HABIT TO PICK UP.

At last, across from the dome of the Roman Catholic cathedral, one discovers the beige-and-purple buildings of Kingston College. They are arranged around a dusty but spacious courtyard.

Students in white shirts and loosely hanging purple-and-white ties direct the visitor to a darkened doorway. Inside, past an old shower room, in a tiny, dim office, at a desk no more than two feet by three, sits Sportsmaster George Thompson. Kingston College is one of the two most powerful track schools in Jamaica. Lennox Miller graduated from KC. "And said his training was harder here than it ever was at USC," says Thompson, a muscular man with a pronounced air of solemnity. He is reputed to be an exhaustive trainer and doesn't deny it.

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"Schoolboys work harder in running than any other sport," he says. "We ask, 'Can you get a college education by yourself?' They say no. 'Well,' we say, 'train hard.'"

The only major institution of higher education in Jamaica, the University of the West Indies, has an athletic department which puts very little emphasis on competitive sports. This is in the British academic tradition. But in England, competitive sports are done in university or municipal clubs. In Jamaica, they are done in the high schools or almost not at all. Thus, the way to continue as an athlete after 18 and the way out of a subsistence life are the same—an athletic scholarship to a U.S. college. Thompson can lean on 16-year-olds as hard as he wants with a clear conscience. It's their only chance. "In Jamaica, young athletes are pushed, *driven* more than in the States," he says. "Track is a boring sport. By the time they come to us, they already know it takes a lot to come out in first place. We add even more discipline to that."

And some reward. "Maybe a lunch for an especially hard workout," says Thompson. "Or a used sweatsuit for a good training week. Anything to motivate them." These are serious items in a country where a new sweatsuit costs $70 and running shoes $100 because of import duties. Often a school will do more for its athletes than clothe and feed them. "We have old boys [the traditional name for past graduates] who are doctors and dentists. They do things free for us. Others come in to help coach." Thompson has five assistants helping with his squad of 60. "As big-event time comes, we call on even more."

The statue's eyes and nose are McKenley's.

The biggest events are the Penn Relays (the trip financed by old boys and local business firms), at which young Jamaicans are seen by U.S. college coaches, and the annual Schools Championships, run over three days and before 30,000 spectators in the National Stadium. "That's the toughest track meet in the world," says Thompson with relish. "We had one boy in the 400, the 800, the sprint relay and the mile relay. Heats, semis and finals in all of 'em. And you see funny combinations, like a boy doing the shotput, pole vault and 100. That's because it's all done for points. For the school. The rivalries are deep."

To say the least. In 1981, in the final leg of the sprint medley relay, the anchor runners from KC and archrival Calabar College, coached by McKenley, collided. Both fell. "Our hurdler went after the Calabar boy," says Thompson. "The loyalties were high. The fans got on the track. There were fisticuffs." The melee was such that the Inter-Secondary Schools' Sport Association called off the rest of the meet and banned both Calabar and Kingston College from the 1982 championships. "They thought the rival-

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To these Calabar College runners training on a scenic beach, McKenley is the grandest old boy.

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Peppermint Schnapps 60 Proof Produced U.S.A. John DeKuyper & Son Elmwood Place, Ohio

Despite the slogan in National Stadium, some fast Jamaicans have run away from home for good.

ry was *too* strong," says Thompson, who disagrees. "The loyalty to the school has to be kept intense. Talent, style, grace are important, but the will to win, that pride, is vital."

He calls in a tall boy who wears a purple pin over his breast pocket that says PREFECT. This is Lennox Graham, a 53.2 intermediate hurdler. "What does it mean to run for KC?" asks Thompson.

For a moment Graham seems taken aback, as if asked the meaning of finding a five-pound gold nugget on the beach. "The reputation—being a KC boy—inspires us, keeps us going," he says. "Once I heard a friend say, 'You're nervous? But how can you be? You go to KC.' "

Thompson gives the visitor a brief tour of the college. "What do you think of our track?" he asks, pointing to an area the visitor had believed to be a sandy, rocky playground. Judging by appearance, the school seems able to hold about 500 students. Enrollment is 2,300. "But we have another campus for the younger ones, and we double-shift," says Thompson. There's an Anglican chapel on the grounds and the husk of a building left over from times of slavery. "Now they are raising walls around us for security," says Thompson. "There is so much theft. It all started with political unrest during the Manley days, but don't remember us for that. Remember the strength of loyalty men have for the school." He presses an index finger against his visitor's chest. When he draws it away, a little blue-and-white sticker remains. It reads K.C.—FORTIS CADERE CEDERE NON POTEST. "Our motto," says Thompson. "The brave may fall, but they never yield."

On the phone, the secretary for the First Life Insurance Company, Knutsford Branch, has a throaty *lilt*. "Kindly hold me, please," she breathes, a disconcerting statement until it penetrates that one has been put on hold. When she returns she confirms an appointment with the branch manager, Herb McKenley, O.D. (Order of Distinction).

McKenley is now a distinguished 60 (though women acquaintances insist that the child in him is apparent), and the

president of the Jamaica Amateur Athletic Association. He still coaches at his old school, Calabar, and is active in civic affairs. A try at a talk in his large, gold-curtained office is defeated by interruptions from the phone. To enjoy the energetic recounting of McKenley lore, one must escort him to a fine Kingston restaurant such as the Terra Nova, which on this evening is lit exclusively by candles. "It's romance by necessity," says McKenley. "The power is off in this whole district."

McKenley was born in Clarendon, about 45 miles to the west, and came to Kingston when he was 10. "I went to Calabar and started running some because of the interest shown in me by the late Dr. Charles B. Phillips," he says. "My father was a doctor, too, but he thought sport was a waste of time, that I'd mix with the wrong type of people. My first hero was Arthur Wint. He was two years older. He was tall and had that long stride. I never had a clear purpose until 1938, when I was 16. Arthur had made the team for the Central American Games in Panama, and he came by the school before he left. He was wearing his team uniform. It was an all-white suit, white shoes, a maroon tie and a panama hat with a maroon band." McKenley still shakes his head at the glory of it. "I looked at that, and I . . . I was overtaken. I thought, 'I must wear one of those.' "

Mel was one of two Spences at Arizona State.

Mills is flanked by some of his Camperdown College athletes, most of whom are striving to match the success of the school's most famous runner, 1976 Olympic 200 gold medalist Don Quarrie.

Before the chance could arise, the war intervened. "Arthur joined the RAF. My father wanted me to go to England as well, but the German U-boats seemed to me to be making that a risky proposition. I said, 'Let's wait a while.' Then the scholarship offer came."

McKenley believes he was the first Jamaican athlete to take the avenue to U.S. colleges. A local priest who had followed his career arranged for a grant at Boston College. McKenley began there in 1942. "I transferred to Illinois in 1945, out of good feeling for Coach Leo Johnson."

A large brown bat has flown into the Terra Nova dining room, seemingly from the bar, and silently circles the room, hunting for the way out. None of the well-dressed diners pay any mind.

"I loved to run, unquestionably," McKenley says. "But I never thought in terms of ultimate goals. When I got to Illinois, Johnson asked me right out, 'How'd you like to be the best quarter-miler in the world?' I laughed, it seemed so astonishing. He let it go for a while, but every week or so he'd have a word or two to say on the subject. Then one night I dreamed an amazingly vivid dream. It was of breaking the world record, of the race, the crowd, even reading the time in the paper. When I woke up I couldn't believe I was in bed. I was wet. I'd been running. The next day I told Leo about this remarkable joke. 'It's not a joke,' he said. 'Every great happening must originate in a dream of some kind. It gets a hold of your subconscious. Your subconscious is telling you that it feels you can do it.'

"After that he stayed away from me, knowing that if I needed him, I'd find him. Well, a few days later I sought him out. I asked him what I had to do. He said I had to train more than anyone else, beginning with cross-country, which I hated. But I remembered the dream, the people applauding, the tremendous feeling of importance. I said, 'O.K., Leo,' and that day we planned the program. I ran through the cornfields around Champaign with blistered feet. I had my best indoor season ever. And on June 1, 1946, on a wet track in the Big-10 championships in Champaign, I ran the world record of 46.2. I had dreamed what the

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headlines said, and the next morning they said it."

Even McKenley's father began to come around. "His friends convinced him it was something special," continues McKenley. "But after the record I came home and ran a race against Elmore Harris of the U.S. and I lost, and my father was furious. 'I left my practice in the country and came all the way into Kingston for *this*?' he said."

McKenley and Wint made up the nucleus of the Jamaica team for the first postwar Olympics, in London in 1948. "Arthur won the 400 [McKenley remembers Wint passing him with about four meters to go] and was the best man in the 800," says McKenley, "but he ran a dumb race, getting too far back of Mal Whitfield before he made his move." Whitfield hung on to win, 1:49.2 to 1:49.5. The Jamaicans hoped to affirm their sprint supremacy with a victory in the 4x400 relay, which McKenley was to anchor. But Wint, trying to make up ground on Roy Cochran of the U.S. on the third leg, pulled a hamstring, and McKenley never got the baton. "I stood there waiting for the longest time," he says. The wait would stretch to four years.

Approaching the Helsinki Olympics in 1952, Wint had a pulled right hamstring and was struggling with the demands of medical school in London. McKenley was recovering from the mumps. He asked to be dropped from the team after running last in his heat in the AAU 400 in Long Beach six weeks before the Games. "You have to go," he was told. "There's no one else for the relay."

In Spanish Town, Calabar's Boyd shops for fruit. Jamaicans have triumphed despite a poor diet

Yet he made an astonishing recovery to get his two silver medals. In the 400 he came from five meters back to just miss catching Rhoden at the tape. They both ran 45.9. The 100 was even closer. McKenley lost to Lindy Remigino of the U.S. by an inch in 10.4 for both.

The 800 was a rematch of Wint and Whitfield. "And Arthur looked like he was in a good position to attack on the last backstretch," says McKenley. "Whitfield had a bad cold. He was vulnerable. But Arthur waited until the stretch, and Whitfield held him off again." Whitfield finished again in 1:49.2, Wint ran 1 faster than he had four years before. "Why didn't you kick earlier?" McKenley asked Wint. "Because if I didn't get around him, I didn't think I would be able to finish the race," Wint said. Then McKenley talked with Whitfield. "God, I'm glad he didn't kick on the backstretch," said the relieved American. "If he'd gotten in front, I could never have passed him again."

So McKenley came to his last chance. He was 30 years old. Another Olympics was out of the question. The same four Jamaicans who had run in 1948 took the track for the 4x400 relay. Wint's 46.8 and Les Laing's 47.0 left Jamaica well behind the U.S., which got a 46.7 from Ollie Matson and a blazing 45.5 from George Cole. McKenley's task looked hopeless. Charley Moore, who already had won the 400 hurdles gold at these Olympics, was 15 yards ahead.

McKenley produced the race of his life. He caught Moore in the stretch, held his form all the way and handed the baton to Rhoden with a two-foot lead. His split was 44.6, the fastest ever run to that point. Rhoden closed with 45.5, as did Whitfield. By the same two feet that McKenley had given it, Jamaica won by a tenth of a second, in a world record of 3:03.9. And McKenley finally had his gold. The four accepted their medals jubilantly and then waited for Czechoslovakia's Emil Zatopek, who had won the 5,000 and 10,000 meters, to complete his historic triple by winning the marathon. When Zatopek was done, the Jamaicans carried him on a victory lap, the applause deafening them all, and Helsinki was burned into McKenley's mind as the place where all dreams came to miraculous fruition.

"In 1978, thieves broke into my home and stole my Olympic medals," says McKenley evenly. "I happened to mention that to the chairman of this year's World Championships, which are to be in Helsinki. So now it seems new ones are to be presented to me there in August."

One of the many Jamaican kids deeply influenced by Wint, McKenley and Rhoden was Mel Spence. Now coach of the Jamaica College track team, Spence ran on the 4x400 relay team in the 1956, '60 and '64 Olympics and, with his twin brother Mal, made the Arizona State

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mile-relay team a national force. He worked for IBM in New York for seven years. "But good old home stayed Jamaica," he says. "I had to come home." Now he's an executive with the Jamaica Telephone Company.

Crisp and precise in speech and dress, Spence escorts a visitor to his school, which has a splendid academic reputation and a cattle guard at the gate. His team has begun its daily workout with a three-mile run through the streets, dodging coveys of uniformed, laughing elementary school girls. While Spence waits, he systematically identifies the factors that he believes combine to make Jamaican sprinters so good.

"You know about the competitiveness at the school level," he begins. "High school athletes are almost deified in Jamaica. That can give a false view of self, but it's sure tremendous encouragement. Then there's coaching, which is of a high level simply because of the great number of good sprinters we have had, who now work with kids."

Spence looks around at the fields of Jamaica College. At least there's grass on them. "We have some fine hurdlers here," he says, "but not a complete set of hurdles. The kids' diet is terrible. A lot of them only have a shaved ice and bun for lunch. Only during track season are they assured of a decent meal. That's when we beg companies to provide a piece of meat. Lots of kids come to school from the country and spend their first week in a dental chair. The point is, if they run so well under such conditions, they must be gifted with raw native talent."

The team gathers. "Our gym burned not long ago," says Spence, "so we use an old classroom." Without his direction, the athletes climb stairs to this room and clear desks and chairs from the dusty wood floor. Before a mural they begin a sequence of 14 stretching and strengthening exercises, the last being three 20-second bursts of high-knee running while pushing against the wall. Among the athletes a few words are softly exchanged, but all are intent on their tasks. "These guys never shirk work," says Spence.

When they're done, they go to rude steel parallel bars outside. They do dips and hand-walking on the bars. "When they practice starts, their shoulders won't be sore after five minutes," Spence says. They run over short steel hurdles for cadence. "Keeps people from overstriding. They learn rhythm." One boy has lost an arm. "He scraped it. Gangrene set in."

An assistant takes over the drills. Spence introduces a boy who had been kicking a soccer ball. "This is Nicholas Tracey," he says. "Fourteen years old, best 400 of 48.6. But Tracey is also an excellent soccer player, and soccer is in season, so he's enjoying the easier training." Tracey gives him a shy smile. To the visitor Spence says, "Don't say, in five years, I didn't warn you. He's tough."

A mustard-hued Mercedes glides down the drive. From it emerges the exuberant bulk of Dennis Johnson, the coach at the College of Arts, Science and Technology (a true college). Johnson ran for San Jose State from 1961 to '64 and burst to a wind-aided 9.2 for 100 yards at the Mt. San Antonio Relays in 1961. Spence gives Johnson the gist of the visitor's inquiry. "We had just begun talking about talent," Spence says.

"You probably can't find people anywhere as genetically mixed as here," says Johnson. "But I believe a lot of the original people must have come from a certain part of Africa, from a set of tribes rich in the physical ingredients of sprinting."

"But," the visitor says, "no part of Africa has ever had the sprinting success that Jamaica has."

"None has developed our tradition for it. But look how well Nigeria, say, has done in boxing, which calls for the same speed and power. In contrast with the Ethiopian type of slenderness, sprinters are densely muscled, with strong shoulders and big butts, and are compact, well balanced. It seems a Negroid body type. And I know that diet is important. Carbohydrates give the energy, and those are the Jamaican staples—rice every day, lots of yams and potatoes and cassava and bread."

The '52 Olympic 400 medalists (from left), McKenley, silver; Rhoden, gold; and Matson, bronze.

"And there's the style of the people," continues Johnson. "Jamaicans talk fast. They write fast. They like action. They're jittery. The temper of the society is kind of like a sprinter's."

Johnson departs abruptly, stylishly. Spence offers the visitor a ride back to his hotel. En route he identifies the gray clumps of rootless plants that grow on phone wires. "Old man's beard. And the yellow vine on the fence, that's illegal in some places because it spreads and kills things it chokes. It's called love bush."

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The conversation leads to another illegal plant. "Ganja used to be no big deal. It began as a medical thing. But in the last 10 years or so, a sort of culture has grown up around it. It's smoked in the schools; you can't stop it. But as an adminstrator of sports, I won't have anyone who smokes it on the team."

"What's this stuff called tonic wine?"

Spence grins and says, "Jamaicans believe in tonics. Years ago we used to boil leaves and bark and drink that stuff. People came up with tonic wine. If you're sick you take it. If you're well you take it. And everyone has a good time. Myself, I drink stout."

There's a plaque beside the track in the National Stadium. ON THIS SPOT, WAS ERECTED THE FLAGSTAFF FROM WHICH WAS LOWERED THE UNION JACK AND UPON WHICH WAS RAISED THE FLAG OF JAMAICA, AT MIDNIGHT, 5TH-6TH AUGUST, 1962. The Jamaica that McKenley, Wint and Rhoden represented at the Olympics was not yet a sovereign nation.

Yet it welcomed them back after the 1952 Games with an impromptu national holiday; it collected money, and it erected a statue to the Jamaican champion. This figure, which now bolts from the starting position outside the stadium, is a composite of several sprinters, and has, most notably, the body of Wint and the eyes and hawk nose of McKenley. On this smoky morning, gray pigs crop the lawns that spread down to Arthur Wint Drive. (McKenley and Rhoden Crescents are on the other side of town.)

Up behind the highest tier of the stands, Camperdown Coach Glen Mills sits in his office. He's also a national coach. He, too, sees the psyche of the sprinter throughout Jamaican society, or the other way around. "Life here is hectic," he says. "Everything's in short supply. It's understood that there aren't enough jobs, schooling, housing, transport. Forty-two thousand take the exam to get into high school. Only 9,300 can make it. You can't stand at the back and wait your turn or you'll get left out. In the city we like to regard ourselves as quiet people, but even a small dispute brings out the aggression. Sprinting is built around that dramatic release."

This makes the visitor think of Quarrie, a Camperdown alumnus, not because he was a paragon of aggressiveness but because he seemed quite the opposite—soft-spoken and modest. "That was part of why Jamaica came to admire him so," says Mills. "But if you knew him well, you could see the drive in him. It's just that he only let it show in his races. The other thing was that he went right from winning the 100 and 200 in the Schools Championships in 1969 to a triple gold in the Commonwealth Games in 1970. He didn't go to USC until later. So kids could say, 'He was just here, right here with us.' He was the greatest lift to the tradition since McKenley and Wint."

Foster: one of the first Jamaican sprinters

Quarrie lives in Los Angeles now; Lennox Miller, who's a dentist and will be the Jamaican liaison to the Los Angeles Olympics, lives in nearby Altadena, Calif. Rhoden is a podiatrist in San Diego. Clearly, there's a risk in sending men such as these abroad for education.

"No, we don't have the healthiest of systems," says Mills. "Colleges in the U.S. have brought great results, but all those youngsters without academic strength are left out. Jamaican athletes win perhaps 10 to 15 scholarships a year. What about the rest?"

Mills would love to see a system of clubs develop. But Jamaica has many needs. "We'll have to look forward to sending the best abroad for some time," he says. "It's unfortunate, but it's a question of means."

There is a sports school in Jamaica. To reach it, one must drive 13 miles west of Kingston, to Spanish Town. Little of the way is without people beside the road. Some work with machetes on the wide verges, throwing cuttings on smoky fires. Men hang out around the many cement-block lounges, leaning against walls and posts. There are donkey carts of sticks and car parts. Goats abound. JERK CENTER says a sign advertising a shop specializing in pork and chicken jerky. Through the soot and diesel exhaust walk young women of regal bearing, their maroon, red and bright blue dresses dramatic against gleaming black limbs.

The driver, named Sam Redshirt, is a friend of McKenley's. He points out the St. Catherine district prison, saying, "That place is where they hang people." The center of Spanish Town is a beautiful old square of columned, yellow and pink brick buildings. "Built with no mortar," says Redshirt, "just molasses, sand and white lime."

The G.C. Foster College of Physical Education and Sport, just outside of town, is startling in its space and functional line. A gift from Cuba, it cost $6 million and opened in 1980. Its vice-principal, Al Phillips, (he has since left the school) was a long jumper and sprinter for Indiana from 1956 to '60, and it was his father who first encouraged McKenley to run. Phillips is 45. He looks 28.

As he displays the large gym, weight room and pool, Phillips' main point is that the tradition of success in the sprints has left a terrible gap in the other events and so ultimately has sold Jamaica short. "Coaches will say they coach track and field, but it's only sprints," he says. "Ask them how you hold a pole, how you set up a training schedule for a 5,000-meter runner, and they'll say, uh, I don't do that. Ask them what athletes they have produced and they'll name sprinters."

The college track is sandy, its lanes marked with black lines of tar. "We've had to learn to use indigenous things. The tar stays down in the hard rain. Lime washes right away."

continued

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Hospital costs are rising nearly three times faster than the cost of living and hit virtually everyone. A major barrier to containing these costs is "cost shifting."

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If hospitals would agree to a prospective payment system under which they accept pre-set amounts for services, uniformly applied to all payers, cost shifting would end. Hospitals would then have to control costs better because they could not shift costs.

This isn't theory. This system is working in Maryland, New Jersey, and other states. If every state had this system, cost shifting would disappear.

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G.C. Foster (named for the man who, in 1907, reportedly ran a 9.7 100 yards when the world record was 9.6) offers a three- or four-year college program. Its first class of 97 is now in its final year. The students are the solution to Phillips' lament about the narrowness of Jamaican coaching. "They're getting a solid grounding in all the facets of track coaching," he says. "The graduates are going to go out and start programs in the country, right across the island, and the athletes they produce will steamroll the ones the present coaches have. There's no reason our talent can't find expression in a whole range of events." Phillips would seem to be borne out in this by the success of a Jamaican like Milt Ottey, who left for Canada at 10, enjoyed good coaching and won the 1982 NCAA high jump for UTEP at 7′ 7¼″.

"Ah, talent," Phillips says, luxuriating in the fundamental Jamaican blessing. "Not just in track, you know. Pat Ewing, who plays for Georgetown, was originally from Kingston. Bob Marley sang of Trench Town Rock." Indeed, for Phillips, gifts are to be seen everywhere. A few years ago at a soccer game, he liked the way one of the goalies moved. "You ever run?" he asked afterward. "No, not me. I play cricket and football," the goalie replied. Phillips got him out to do a few hills in the mornings. His name was Floyd Brown, and he has run a 45.87 400 for the University of Florida.

McKenley drives his rattling, blotchy 1972 BMW with 130,000 miles on it toward Calabar College. "Calabar is the name of a place in Africa," he explains. "Jamaican missionaries had come back from there when they started this school, originally for sons of the Baptist clergy." Now the Jamaican government comes up with a subsidy. "But it always seems late with its support, or it cuts the budget, so the schools are always behind in payments for facilities or equipment. The Calabar Old Boys Association is the reason for the sports program's survival. For example, this year there will be a special dual meet between Calabar and Kingston colleges to raise money for the track teams at both. The cup they'll fight for will be called, I'm happy to say, the McKenley-Miller Cup."

In his role as Jamaica Amateur Athletic Association president, McKenley has lobbied successfully, through the Institute of Sports, for a $300,000 government grant to resurface the National Stadium track and so bring it up to international standards, the better to court a major meet. Kingston was a fixture on the international circuit in the mid '70s. Filbert Bayi of Tanzania ran his world-record mile of 3:51.0 in Kingston in 1975. In 1977, Quarrie returned to race Steve Williams of the U.S. in the 200 before 35,000 overwrought Jamaicans. Quarrie won in 20.32, finishing four inches ahead of Williams. The crowd exploded into such tearful, hoarse thanksgiving that all who were there, even Williams, understood the race had had its best possible results. But outside the stadium milled 5,000 emotional people for whom there was no room. There was violence and the foreign press was momentarily sealed inside the stadium, awaiting safe exit. The joy over Quarrie's victory and the bitterness of those kept from sharing it seemed to illustrate the heart of the Jamaican experience.

Wint (122) nipped McKenley (90) at the tape in the 1948 Olympic 400, with Whitfield (136) third

The Calabar fields are as overworked as those of all the other schools. A barbed-wire fence keeps a flock of brown goats out of the way of the hurdlers. The work is pursued with the same earnestness as at Kingston and Jamaica and Camperdown colleges. Here, the view of the mountains is better, and the loose ties worn by watching students are green. Enrollment is 1,750.

McKenley introduces the visitor to three members of the team that won the high school 4x100 sprint relay at Penn in 1982, and lost the 4x400 relay there because after the lead-off man got behind, each of the last three guys tried to pull a McKenley and catch up all at once. "Instead, we died," says Joe Boyd, whose best 400 is 47.64. Norman Pottinger, who at 17 has run 48.4, seems to speak for the group when he says, "I enjoy running, but I do it for a reason. I'd really like a scholarship to study electronics. Two or three seconds off my time will do it."

All are moved by the presence of McKenley. "He ran the last 150 of our 600s with us in the fall," says Pottinger, "to keep us from letting up off the turn. I enjoyed that."

And what of the man McKenley idolized, Arthur Wint? He was for a time a Calabar boy. The present team knows this, of course, but the name has little of

continued

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continued

the effect of the ebullient McKenley's.

"Arthur, well Arthur isn't in Kingston," says McKenley when asked about this. There seems to be something he wishes to explain. "Tell you what. He's a doctor, and always busy. But I'll see if I can't arrange a little talk at least."

Wint lives in Linstead. On the phone he was very proper, saying he could spare an hour at most, declining an offer of dinner. He gave precise directions.

Linstead is near the center of the island, 15 miles past Spanish Town, up the Rio Cobre. The drive is a curving green escape from the noise and smoke of the coastal cities. Once through a canyon, the motorist reaches rolling green hillsides, orange groves, soft sprays of bamboo, poinciana trees. It's cooler. One sees an old sugar mill near the town of Bog Walk. Its smokestack is square, built of brick in the 19th century. The country isn't deserted, simply rural. Linstead has a population of 3,500.

At one of the first intersections as one enters the town from the southeast is a two-story house with about as many porches and balconies as a house can support. Wint's office is on the first floor. His secretary, assisting an elderly woman down the front-porch steps, says to go right on in.

The office is tiny and austere, containing merely a desk and a wall of medicines. A window admits the amber light of sunset. Wint, as spare as his surroundings, wears a lime-colored smock. He has the bowed posture of a scholar. He's both a general practitioner and a fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons and is in charge of Linstead's small hospital, which is a two-minute walk up the hill through banana plants.

He deflects talk of being the originator of the Jamaican sprinting tradition, saying, "No, there were plenty of others who had the same effect on me that Herb says I had on him. Dr. A.F. Brown was a competitor in the 1938 Central American Games. Barry Grant ran the 1,500 and was known as *The Flying Farmer*. But I know the way Herb felt when he saw me in my games suit. I had the same experience, but it happened that I was struck by an air force uniform."

Wint trained as an RAF pilot in Canada. "We finished the advanced course two days before VE Day," he says. "I spent five years in the service and then began my medical training at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London."

Wint is wry and wise and, above all, a winner.

Thus from 1942 to 1952 Wint never had the luxury of having running as his first priority. "Training was different then," he says. "I never ran against the clock any farther than three-quarters of a mile. I only trained three times a week. A workout would be four 300s or two 600s. It took an hour on the underground from St. Bartholomew's to reach the track. So by today's standards, no, I never reached my potential. I regarded my running as pure recreation, although I was always disciplined. I knew early that if I wanted to win I had to work at it."

Wint is the son of a Presbyterian minister, John Samuel Wint, who's now 95. "My father's attitude was that you went abroad to improve and came home to help," says Wint. "And seeking foreign scholarships is still the only way to get competition. I recognize the social implications of that policy. They'll stay abroad, a lot of them."

Wint isn't particularly troubled by that, in part because it has always been so; he had been away from home for six years before he first represented Jamaica in an Olympics.

He's asked to recall the 1948 800 meters. He grins and shakes his head. "It was a total error on my part," he says. "I should have won and broken the Olympic record. Marcel Hansenne of France had had the fastest time in the semis, so I decided I'd just shadow him. Whitfield ran around into the lead and I dismissed him. I didn't go after him. Then, when I saw he was getting away, I was boxed between two Frenchmen [Hansenne and the wonderfully named Robert Chef-d'hotel]. In 1952, though, no matter what Herb says, I was lucky to get second place. The whole field let Whitfield and me go."

McKenley has also said that if Wint had gone through the U.S. college system, he would have run 1:46. "And wouldn't have had half the fun," says Wint. "I ran my first race at 11 and my last at 32. To stay at it so long, I must have been having fun." He thinks about that for a moment. The sunset dims, although the oranges on the trees are still live coals in the dark foliage. "Well, success breeds success, so you want to go on doing anything you do well. But you must also know the time at which you must give it up."

Wint is 63. "Every day I give thanks for having been able to do all the things I have. My grandchildren are doing well. I've had satisfying careers in sports, the air force and medicine."

And diplomacy. From 1974 to 1978 he served as the London-based High Commissioner, *i.e.*, ambassador from Jamai-

continued

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Steve Schapiro

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JAMAICAN SPRINTERS

continued

ca, to Great Britain, Sweden and Denmark. "In four years I witnessed such a profound change in the British attitude toward the West Indies that it was more than a little traumatic," Wint says. "I wouldn't feel comfortable living anywhere outside Jamaica right now."

Nor even in some Jamaican places. "It has become an aggressive society. There has been the migration to the cities. We have had our unrest. The boiling point is always quite near. And thousands of Jamaicans travel and come back with modern goodies, so what they had before doesn't satisfy them, or their neighbors. At the same time, there are still people who don't have a crust in the morning."

Wint is wry and wise and above all disciplined, and he can't see things returning to a gentler life. "Sugar, bananas and bauxite are all down," he says. "Everyone wants more for doing less. That's not going to change."

He laments the decline into materialism because it's a disease that he has a natural immunity to. "I never had any money and don't expect to have any," he says. "In that respect there is a distinct difference between mine and the current generation. Today, running, say, can make you well off. In my era it was the thing that taught you about the limits of money. It lifted you to heights and rewards money could never buy."

The little office is nearly dark and the hour is over. Wint sits in thoughtful silence. There is a muted thumping of domestic activity throughout the house. "Rural society is still good, though," he says. "I have 80- and 90-year-olds who come in here and still curtsy when they say, 'Thank you, Dr. Wint.' I love the old pleasantries."

Wint suddenly seems to the visitor the conscience of Jamaica, or if not quite that, a representative of the values that have allowed its sons to travel off to their continuing successes. Yet he will be left here in the interior, in this case the opposite of a heart of darkness, more and more to be passed by.

He shows his visitor out. "Listen to that," he says.

The new night is velvet, and children are running on the yard's firm grass, laughing. **END**

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Reminiscence

by GILES TIPPETTE

A GOOD OL' TEXAN GETS HIS FOOTBALL LETTER SWEATER, BUT 28 YEARS LATE

When Blinn College gave me my football letter sweater 28 years after I won it, I never thought it was going to cause me so much trouble. If I had, I guarantee you I would have turned it down.

Like all old athletes, I get stronger and faster in memory every year. And I will admit that I might have stretched a point or two in the past when telling about some incidents in my athletic career. Every once in a while I've been a little slippery about just how good I was. Nothing overt, but occasionally I've let fall remarks like, "Yeah, I doubled in the ninth inning and a couple of runners got home, which was all we needed." *Or*, "I was running the third leg of the mile relay and when I got the baton we weren't but 10 yards down so that wasn't that much distance to make up."

Slick, right?

Well, they say all chickens come home to roost and mine finally came home when Blinn College gave me my letter sweater two years ago. I'd been semilying about my athletic prowess all through my middle age, but I did have one truth *I* was proud of.

And I'll be danged if that wasn't the one I got accused of lying about.

Blinn is a small junior college in Brenham, Texas. It's known for its good-looking girls and the high caliber of education it tries to impart. I'd played there in 1953, as an offensive end and a defensive halfback. We weren't any big deal; we had a following of about nine people, six of whom were related to the players. But anytime you're playing college football and you stick your head in a Riddell and pull up your socks, you better not walk out on that field unless you're ready to have the lunch knocked out of you.

I started all eight games for Blinn that season but left before the year was out to answer my country's call and help out the Air Force. Consequently, I wasn't there for the awards banquet and didn't get my letter sweater.

Well, I guess Blinn could have handled the guilt of having one of its ex-athletes running around without his letter sweater, but it happened that I had occasion to take a couple of high school football players up there for a tryout and I got to talking to the present coach, Ben Boehnke, and I sort of mentioned that I'd done a pretty good job for them and I'd never even seen a thread off a letter sweater.

The reason I wanted that letter sweater so bad was that I'd scored the winning touchdown—the only touchdown of my college career—against Victoria Junior College, and I was proud of it.

And that's the story I got accused of distorting at the letter sweater ceremony, in the office of Blinn President James Atkinson. I got to admit they done it up grand. Lord, they had everybody there—press, photographers, everybody.

I guess I got carried away, and before

ILLUSTRATION BY KEITH BENDIS

I knew it I'd told about beating Victoria in the first game of the '53 season. Now, Victoria Junior College was no joke. It was located in Victoria, Texas, a city at least twice the size of Brenham. The Victoria Pirates played in a separate conference, one made up of schools with more access to talent than tiny Blinn. Although our '52 record looked a little better than theirs, it didn't take into account the caliber of the teams we had each played during our regular schedule. Not to take anything away from my fellow Buccaneers, but I don't think we could have beaten New Mexico Body and Fender University if they'd spotted us two touchdowns.

But for some reason we got it together for that game. Maybe it was because we didn't want Victoria to think of us as "chump of the week," and have them yawning on the other side of the scrimmage line. Though their team was considered far above ours, we still planned to show up for the game and introduce them to the ferocity of the underdog. I think it was the John Wayne movie that pumped us all up. We'd gotten into town about two hours early. Well, what do you do with 30 football players? Leave them sitting on the bus? So Frank Butler, who was the coach then, somehow managed to find the owner of a movie theater in town and he opened up and showed us a film. It was *Red River*, and when it was over we all walked out in the fall sunshine feeling big and tough and slapping each other on the shoulder.

Earlier that year, I'd broken my right shinbone rodeoing, and when we were in the dressing room the trainer was taping a protective covering on it, and Tommy Cuba, our good tackle, looked over and said, "You better take that off. All you're doing is giving them a target to shoot at."

I ripped that tape loose and threw it in the corner. We were that fired up.

We played them off their feet. I took a lick on that right leg in the third quarter and had to be carried off the field. My mother was there and she nearly went into cardiac arrest because she didn't know what was the matter with me. I was back on the field two plays later. We were that fired up.

Going into the fourth quarter they were leading 7–6. We'd missed the PAT. Getting arrogant, the Pirates tried to drive on us instead of simply hanging on to the ball and running the clock down. With two minutes to go they fumbled on their own 40 and we recovered. From there we drove the ball down to their nine, where we stalled. Bobby Lynch, our fullback, punched it into the line for no gain and then Shorty McGinty, a really good halfback, had two tries at them, but it did us no good.

L.M. Killough, our quarterback, called time and went over to the sidelines to talk to Coach Butler. I'd gone over to the sidelines myself. I was standing just a few yards from where Coach Butler and L.M. were conferring. I had my helmet pushed back and I was getting a drink of water when I heard the coach say to L.M., "Throw the ball to Giles."

Well, what that remark did was send a shiver through my soul. To begin with Giles didn't want the responsibility of

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catching the pass that meant victory or defeat. Secondly, I'd noticed that the Victoria players were getting a little irritated about this bunch of upstarts trying to steal a game from them.

When that time-out wound down, we came back into the huddle and L.M. looked over at me and said, "It's on you."

If there'd been a bus out of town, I'd of taken it.

We hadn't completed four passes that day. But when it's fourth-and-goal from the nine with not much time and you've failed on three running plays, what are you going to do? We didn't have much of a field-goal kicker, either.

We *did* have a little jump pass. L.M. would take the snap, leap up in the air and try to hit me, cutting across the middle, or Henry Pearson, our right end.

When we came to the set position all I was praying for was that L.M. would throw to Henry.

I guess Victoria knew what we had to do. At the snap I took two steps off the line and cut toward the middle. The linebackers were already falling back so I was able to get underneath them. My next memory was seeing L.M. up in the air with the ball cocked behind his head in his right hand.

He was looking straight at me.

Then I saw the ball aimed at me. I kept waiting for a hand to come out and deflect it, but none did. The next thing I knew, it was cradled in my arms. I instinctively turned upfield.

After that everything kind of turned into slow motion. I caught the ball on about the five. I saw people coming at me, but I somehow evaded them. I remember crossing that broad stripe and punching it into the end zone.

That's the story I told at the letter-sweater presentation, and it went over very well.

The next morning at the motel this young reporter from Brenham's *Banner-Press* called me and said that he'd gone back in the files and that the game report didn't read anything like that.

I ain't real good in the mornings to begin with, and I believe a call like that would shake up a conservative banker.

I said, "Whaaat?"

He said, "The game account says that Bobby Lynch broke through the middle for 26 yards to score the winning touchdown."

Well, there wasn't a whole bunch I could say at that point.

But I brooded about it. I wouldn't even wear the letter sweater because I felt like it had been tarnished. Besides, have you ever seen anything sillier than a middle-aged man walking around in a brand-new letter sweater?

However, for you ex-athletes out there who've got as fat a belly as I do, this story has a happy ending.

I wouldn't let up. I finally called my mother who'd been at the game and she confirmed what I've said. However, what she remembered best, as a mother will, is about me being carried off the field when I got hurt. When I mentioned about the winning touchdown she acted like it was an accomplished fact. She said, "Well of

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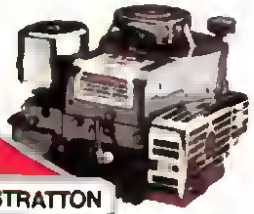

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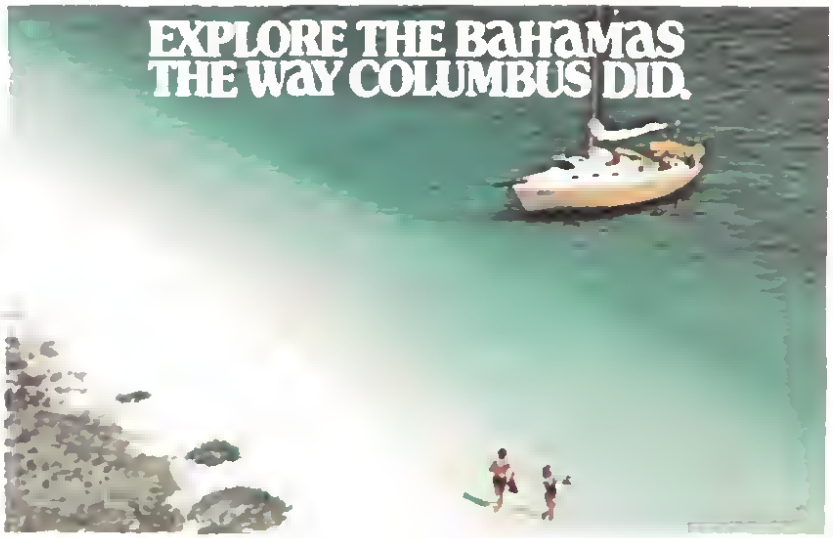

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course. Coach Butler came over and told me you won the game for them."

That's a mother for you.

But I wouldn't let it stop there. I wasn't about to let them take away the main truth about my athletic career. The *Banner-Press* notwithstanding, I knew I'd scored that touchdown.

Besides—I've already explained about the extent of our following—the newspaper might not have even had a reporter there that day. After all, Victoria is more than 100 miles from Brenham. And if it had, he might have been unable to see the players' numbers clearly on account of the field lights and the shadows they caused. Or he might have been out getting a hot dog at just that crucial instant. Anything might have happened.

So I finally called the *Banner-Press*, and they were pretty nice about it. Even though it was before his time, Managing Editor Arthur Hahn knew me and knew the story and, though he wouldn't exactly admit that the *Banner-Press* might have made a mistake about the game, he did say he'd *heard* about several mistakes being made on *other* papers. He also said as far as they were concerned, my version was correct. I suggested a present-day front-page correction, nothing beyond reason, just a short five-paragraph box, but he thought, given the time that had passed, that might be excessive.

Which I can understand. But I knew I was the guy who'd scored the touchdown because I was the guy who'd seen the lights sparkling off that football, who'd seen the slow-motion form of the Victoria tacklers and who'd seen, just before getting hit, the broad stripe go under my cleats.

But I still wouldn't let it rest at that. I ran down my old quarterback, L.M. Killough. And, in a kind of bored voice, he confirmed it.

"Of course," he said, "what's the question here?"

Did you ever notice about quarterbacks? It's always the receivers who go nuts in the end zone. And then the offensive linemen and the backs and the other receivers come running down and jump on the guy.

The quarterback goes over to the sideline and talks with the coach about what looks good on the stock market.

All L.M. said to me about the only touchdown pass I'd ever caught in college football was that he was surprised I hadn't dropped it. **END**

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First Person

by KENNY MOORE

WHAT'S IN A NAME? QUITE A LOT ON THIS RAINY CANOE TRIP IN MINNESOTA

There we crouched, on our fourth day in the Boundary Waters Canoe Area of northern Minnesota, under a tarpaulin tied to saplings, beside a smoky birch fire, in the rain. It had rained every day. Mid-September was really past the end of the season, but we'd risked the weather to avoid the summer mosquitoes. That wasn't all we'd avoided. On the first day, camped at Missing Link Lake, we'd caught two tiny rainbow trout. "Release them," said Sven, of Duluth, who had organized this voyage. "For good karma with the fish." We hadn't had a bite in the three days since.

We were six men, three canoes, 400 pounds of gear and a silent black Labrador retriever named Lucky. "If she ever barks," said Sven, "it means a bear."

We had come from Oregon, Minnesota and Delaware. Four of us had been in the Army together. Only Sven had ever been here before. He'd sold us with statistics. The BWCA is 1,400 square miles of wilderness managed by the U.S. Forest Service. The only sensible means of travel to and over its several thousand glaciated lakes is canoeing and portaging. Many of the portage trails between lakes are those used by 17th and 18th century French voyageurs, who themselves had adopted Indian routes.

We knew the rules. No bottles or cans. Camping only at Forest Service sites with fire grates and latrines. We had a permit. Only a few are granted per day for each entry point. The intent of such rules was clear: to reduce wear and tear on the land from the 170,000 visitors who paddle through it yearly. It has worked. Though we often passed other parties, we were treated to close views of beaver, osprey and marten. Northern pike and lake trout, however, remained rumors substantiated only by photos on Sven's refrigerator.

We'd begun at Round Lake. The taciturn rental agent couldn't be bothered with taking down our names. The receipt showed he'd rented canoes only to "Six Guys."

Who were we? Had you observed us hunched around the hissing fire four days into the trip, you would have named us much as we had. The Arafat-bearded guy in the Afghanistani camel-driver's hat would be Abdul. The Duluth doctor with scabrous Scandanavian jokes was Sven. The skinny, sleepy, boot-clumsy man who had brought an oversized lantern was Streetlight. The Oregon scientist who'd mistakenly carried the pack of a person in another party for half a mile of portage was The Saint. The Saint named his tentmate, the Oregon lumber broker, taking a graphic term from geology in reference, one hoped, to the broker's snoring. The broker was H.T., for Harmonic Tremor.

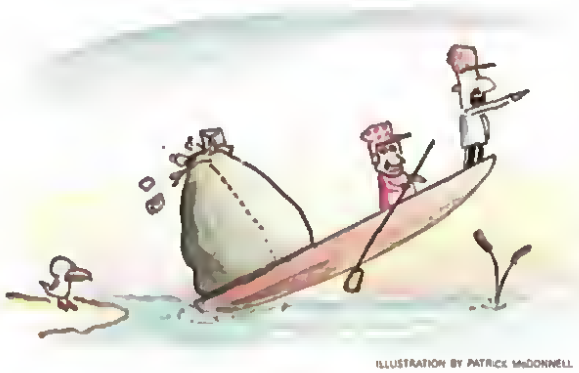

ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICK McDONNELL

That made five. The sixth, a dark, thorough man who returned offended from each day's snub by pike, would have to wait. Nothing captured him yet. He had not once spoken.

A predilection toward the giving of new handles seems a natural reaction to wilderness, to the emergence of character not seen clearly in civilization. Surely, too, names try to make the wilderness fit into human categories. Our map was evidence of that. The names of the lakes that surrounded us suggested that a vast spectrum of associations, shapes and memories had been evoked by what were, after all, very similar bodies of dark water. There were Tame and Lawless lakes, Virgin and Ecstasy lakes, Howl and Meditation lakes. Jester Lake and Fool Lake were adjacent to one another. There were Cavity and Plug lakes, and Squish and Wish lakes. In contrast with Lucky Day Lake, there were Squat, Fungus, Swollen Ankle and Whipped lakes. There even was a Time Lake, and an Elusion. Someone must have tried to fish there once.

The name of the place where we sat wetly thinking all this, a granite island in three-mile-long Little Saganaga Lake, we didn't know. That too would have to wait.

We weren't deeply uncomfortable. The tents were reasonably dry under the evergreens and mountain ash. There was firewood. We had eaten well because our Duluth packs—canoe-wide canvas maws that could hold a bale of hay—were loaded with meat and vegetables and wine and even Glenlivet single malt Scotch whisky, enduring the indignity of traveling in a plastic container. That's the thing about canoeing. You can take a piano if you don't mind staggering with it over the portages, which on our trek of 21 lakes in six days were usually anywhere from 50 yards to 600. One of them, however, was a mile and a quarter. That made it viscerally understandable why the old voyageurs' most common cause of death was incarcerated hernia.

Lucky barked.

We sprang alert, but saw no bear. We looked at the dog. She was limping around in circles.

"Sorry," said The Saint. "I stepped on her foot."

We returned to our seats, each determined not to bring any gloom to the rest. Then H.T. rose, eyes alight. He walked into the rain to where the granite hump of the island became level before it dropped off into the lake. He spread his arms. He said, "Sweat lodge."

"Huh?"

"This is a perfect place for a sauna." H.T. had lived for a year in Norway and had embraced the Norwegian outlook—indiscourageableness, a sense that even the gray days count against one's total, so savor them, too.

"I've seen it done," said Streetlight. His tone suggested it was hard.

"O.K.," said H.T., "you're in charge of heating the rocks." Soon, under his fe-

continued

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vered instruction, we had lashed together an A-frame of poles and covered it with tarpaulins and rain suits and plastic bags. As night fell, the stones, a dozen of perhaps 20 pounds apiece, were glowing red in the birch and cedar pyre. Amid much shouting, we carried them with stout sticks and gloves to the log receptacle we'd prepared at one end of the tent. We sealed the thing and waited. About five minutes. Then we shucked off our clothes and got in the other end.

Already it was astonishingly warm, save for the stone floor, but when Abdul poured water on the rocks, steam shot up with such force that our lungs felt seared and visibility dropped to 18 inches. Those 12 rocks produced an amazing amount of steam, *four* saunas' worth, which was good because three of them escaped through our unsealed seams and out the top.

Abdul poured again, and we breathed a steam that must exist only in the pipes of a distillery. "Scotch on the rocks," he said.

In a few minutes we were heavy with the heat. We ran out and down the rock into the lake. There was thrashing, washing, giddy jubilation. "I hope I *burn* a fish," said The Saint.

Then, quickly cooling, we tried to get out. There was a hush. "Uh-oh," said Sven.

The rock was steep and slick with algae. We kept sliding back. Streetlight solved that by breaking his fingernails as he frantically scraped a trail. "I was thinking it would be a cold swim around the point to the canoes," said Sven.

At last we stood around the dying fire, burnished and tousled. The next morning, departing, we would look at what remained of our structure and wonder whether subsequent voyageurs would be able to identify its function from its bones of birch poles, its triangle of logs holding a pile of darkened stones, the claw marks in the lakeshore silt. Then it seemed to confirm that even with this rude method, we were technological men, rightly confined by wilderness rules to simple projects.

But as we passed the Scotch and reached to touch the still-hot stones, we had a feeling of triumph. Our unnamed member at last spoke. He regarded the fire, the treacherous slope and the whisky. "No question," he intoned. "We are on Steamy, Slippery and Soused Island."

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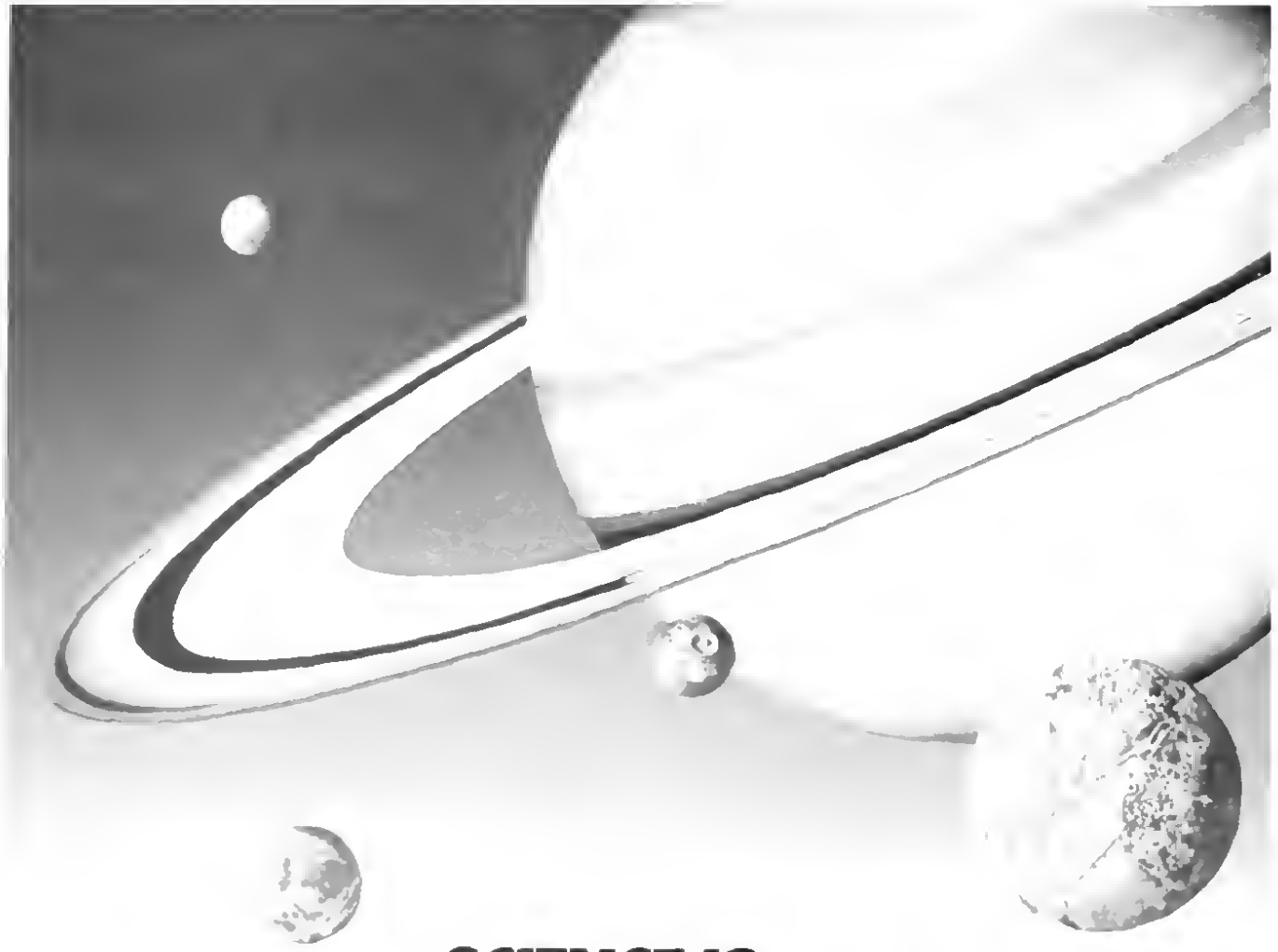

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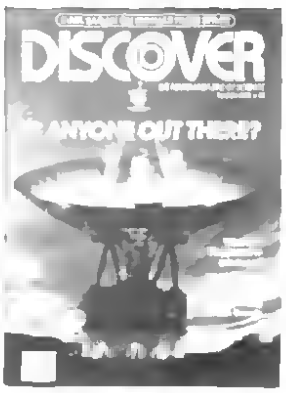

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 31-Feb. 6

Compiled by N. BROOKS CLARK

PRO BASKETBALL—All the records obliterated during the week in the NBA belonged to the Lakers' Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. An electrical short in his music room apparently started a fire that destroyed his $2.5 million home in the L.A. community of Bel Air. His 3,000-album collection of jazz records also went up in flames. After a 122–120 loss at Dallas, Los Angeles won two from Kansas City—143–125, Abdul-Jabbar scoring 28 points playing only the first three quarters, and 116–106. Seattle, trailing the first-place Lakers by 10 games in the Pacific Division, knocked off two division leaders—Milwaukee of the Central (117–114), San Antonio of the Midwest (115–103)—before losing to Philadelphia, No. 1 in the Atlantic (97-96). Chicago beat Houston by the ninth-largest margin in NBA history, 129–76. The record is 63, set in L.A.'s 162–99 win over Golden State in 1972.

BOWLING—GUPPY TROUP defeated Ted Hannahs 237–221 to win a $125,000 PBA tournament in Grand Prairie, Texas.

BOXING—RAFAEL ORONO retained his WBC super flyweight title with a fourth-round knockout of Pedro Romero in Caracas, Venezuela.

CURLING—In the women's nationals in Grafton, N. Dak., WASHINGTON defeated Illinois 8–6.

DOG RACING—Bob Riggin's COMIN ATTRACTION ($37.80) beat B.J. Gentleman Jim by a length to win the $120,000 Greyhound Grand Prix at the Palm Beach Kennel Club.

FIGURE SKATING—In the U.S. Championships in Pittsburgh, SCOTT HAMILTON won the men's title for the third year in a row, while ROSALYNN SUMNERS retained her women's championship. For the third straight year KITTY and PETER CARRUTHERS won the pairs competition. JUDY BLUMBERG and MICHAEL SEIBERT were first in the dance *(page 75)*.

GOLF—TOM KITE shot a 12-under-par 276 to win the $325,000 Bing Crosby National Pro-Am in Pebble Beach, Calif. Rex Caldwell and Calvin Peete were second, two strokes back *(page 28)*.

NANCY LOPEZ beat four other golfers by a stroke to win a $150,000 LPGA tournament in North Miami Beach, Fla. She shot a three-under-par 285.

HOCKEY—While Boston maintained its solid Adams Division lead *(page 32)*, Chicago added to its Norris Division margin with victories over St. Louis (5–0), Pittsburgh (7–4), Detroit (4–3) and the Rangers (4–1). The news was also good for Washington, which tied Quebec (4–4) to extend its unbeaten string to eight games. The Caps now have as many wins (27) as they've accumulated in any season in the nine-year history of the franchise. At the All-Star break Washington was tied for second with the Islanders in the Patrick Division behind Philadelphia. In the Smythe Division, Calgary gained three points on first-place Edmonton as Kent Nilsson had hat tricks in successive triumphs over Montreal (7–3) and Pittsburgh (7–4).

HORSE RACING—SWING TILL DAWN ($78.80), Patrick Valenzuela up, won the $290,500 Charles H. Strub Stakes by two lengths over Wavering Monarch at Santa Anita. The 4-year-old colt ran the 1¼ miles in 2:02.

KNIGHTLY RAPPORT ($11.40), ridden by Fernando Toro, beat Croeso by a length to win the $164,200 El Camino Real Derby at Bay Meadows.

ICEBOATING—HENRY BOSSETT beat Peter Burczynski in the last of four races to win the DN Gold Cup World Championship on the Bay of Quinte off Trenton, Ontario.

INDOOR SOCCER—MISL Baltimore held its 1½-game lead in the Eastern Division, defeating Chicago 4–3 and San Diego 4–2, while St. Louis beat Buffalo 7–4 and Los Angeles 5–4 to move into a tie with Kansas City for first in the West, ahead of San Diego and Phoenix by .004 and .006 respectively.

LUGE—At the World Championships in Lake Placid, N.Y., MIROSLAV ZAJONC won the men's title. STEFFI MARTIN was first among the women, and JORG HOFFMAN and JOCHEN PIETZSCH won the doubles.

MOTOR SPORTS—The team of Bob Wollek, Preston Henn, A.J. Foyt and Claude Ballot-Lena drove their Porsche Turbo 935 from 12 laps back to win the 24-hour endurance race at Daytona Beach, Fla. They averaged 98.781 mph around the 3.84-mile course to complete a total of 2,373.12 miles.

SKI JUMPING—JEFF HASTINGS won the U.S. Ski Association 90-meter title with jumps of 113.5 and 108 meters in Westby, Wis.

TENNIS—JOHN McENROE won the $375,000 U.S. Pro Indoor Championships with a 4–6, 7–6, 6–4, 6–3 defeat of Ivan Lendl in Philadelphia.

CHRIS EVERT LLOYD defeated Andrea Jaeger 6–3, 6–3 to win a $150,000 tournament in Palm Beach Gardens, Fla.

TRACK & FIELD—BILLY OLSON pole-vaulted 19′ ¾″ in Toronto Friday to surpass his own two-week-old world indoor record of 18′ 10¾″. The following evening in Dallas, CARL LEWIS ran the 60-yard dash in 6.02 seconds, breaking the world indoor mark of 6.04 set by Stanley Floyd in 1981 *(page 87)*.

ANISOARA CUSMIR established a women's world indoor record with a long jump of 22′ 8½″ in Bucharest. She surpassed the mark of 22′ 7″ set earlier in the week in East Berlin by Heike Daute.

MILEPOSTS—ELECTED: To the Pro Football Hall of Fame, SID GILLMAN, 71, former coach of the Los Angeles Rams (1955-59), Los Angeles and San Diego Chargers (1960-69, '71) and Houston Oilers (1973-74). SONNY JURGENSEN, 48, former quarterback with the Philadelphia Eagles (1957-63) and Washington Redskins (1964-74). BOBBY MITCHELL, 47, former wide receiver for the Cleveland Browns (1958-61) and the Washington Redskins (1962-68). BOBBY BELL, 42, former linebacker with the Kansas City Chiefs (1963-74) and PAUL WARFIELD, 40, former wide receiver for the Cleveland Browns (1964-69), the Miami Dolphins (1970-74), the Memphis Southmen of the WFL (1975) and the Browns (1976-77).

FINED: By the NHL, the Philadelphia Flyers and the New Jersey Devils, $2,000 each as a result of a free-for-all brawl on Jan. 25 in Philadelphia. Flyers Right Wing Paul Holmgren, deemed the instigator of the fight, was fined $500.

By the NBA, centers DANNY SCHAYES of the Utah Jazz and STEVE JOHNSON of the Kansas City Kings, $500 apiece for fighting in a Jan. 11 game in Salt Lake City.

NAMED: To coach the Atlanta Falcons, DAN HENNING, 40, formerly the offensive coordinator for the Washington Redskins; the Buffalo Bills, KAY STEPHENSON, 38, the Bills' quarterback coach since 1978 and the Kansas City Chiefs, JOHN MACKOVIC, 39, formerly the quarterback coach for the Dallas Cowboys.

SIGNED: By the Baltimore Orioles, free agent Third Baseman AURELIO RODRIGUEZ, 35, who last season played for the Chicago White Sox.

TRADED: By the Golden State Warriors, Guard MICHAEL RAY RICHARDSON, 27, to the New Jersey Nets for Forward MICKEY JOHNSON, 30, and Guard ERIC (Sleepy) FLOYD, 22.

By the New York Mets, Outfielder JORGE ORTA, 32, to the Toronto Blue Jays for a minor league pitcher, and by the Blue Jays, Outfielder LEON ROBERTS, 32, to the Kansas City Royals for a minor league first baseman.

CREDITS

4—Walter Iooss Jr. 23—Illustration by Sam Q. Weissman. 28,29—Jerry Wachter. 30,31—Lane Stewart (top), Mickey Pfleger. 32,33—Dick Raphael. 34,35—Dick Raphael (left), Anthony Neste (bottom center), Paul Bereswill (2). 44,45—John Iacono (top), Brian Lanker. 46—Peter Read Miller (top), John Huehner/Garth. 49—Manny Millan (top), Jacqueline Duvoisin/ABC Sports. 80—Andy Hayt. 82—Jerry Wachter. 75,76—Manny Millan. 78,81—Carl Skalak. 87—John Iacono. 88—Phil Hubbe. 90—Barton Silverman. 83—Jerry Wachter. 105—Lehtikuva Oy. 106—The Daily Gleaner. 108—UPI. 125—Ellis Malashuk.

FACES IN THE CROWD

BOB BENOEL
MORRISTOWN, N.J.

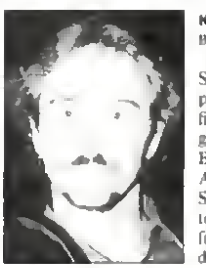
Bendel, 56, a model, hoisted 473¾ pounds to set his second American 55-59 age-group record in two months for the dead lift in the 165-pound class. The mark was established at a powerlifting competition in Warwick, N.Y.

DIANNE AOKINS
WEST HEMPSTEAD, N.Y.

Dianne, an eighth-grader at Howard T. Herber Middle School, set what is believed to be a national 13-14 age-group record in the standing long jump with a leap of 8′ 6″ in Charleston, W. Va. The old mark, set in 1981, was 8′ 5½″.

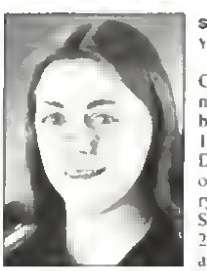
KEN SPENCER
BARRINGTON, ILL.

Ken, a senior on the Barrington High hockey team, scored a hat trick in 49 seconds during a 17–2 win over Rockford-Guilford High. His goals came at 5:46, 5:21 and 4:57 of the first period. He leads the 35–2 Broncos with 48 goals and 59 assists.



KARL SCHMIOT
BALTIMORE

Schmidt, 21, a printing-platemaker, rolled the first back-to-back 300 games ever at the local Brunswick Crown Lanes. A 198-average bowler, Schmidt rolled his perfectos while subbing for a friend in an open scratch doubles league.



STACEY CUNNINGHAM
YORK, PA.

Cunningham, a 5′ 6″ junior guard at Shippensburg (Pa.) State, scored 19 field goals, an NCAA Division II women's record, in a 115–84 victory over California (Pa.) State. In 1982, she sank 21 free throws in a game, another Division II mark.

MITCH SHELTON
ST. LOUIS

Shelton, 22, a heavyweight wrestler at Oklahoma State, pinned Lou Banach, the 1981 NCAA champ, in a 27–23 win over No. 1 Iowa, which had not lost at home since 1977. Shelton is 24–2, and OSU, 19–0, is now ranked first.

What's a Rusty Nail?

a) that thing in the living room that holds up Grandpa Kelly's picture.

b) shortstop for the 1958 Kansas City Athletics.

c) the delicious combination of equal parts of Drambuie and scotch over ice.

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19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

FATE OF THE COWBOYS

Sir

Ah, come on, SI. The Dallas Cowboys exposed as "a creaking battleship that has seen its best days, its engines straining, the rifling in its gun barrels worn out" (*A Capital Day for the Skins*, Jan. 31)? What do you and Ralph Wiley call the 24 teams that didn't make the conference championship games, overaged tugboats?

I applaud the Redskins for winning the NFC title. They played with more intensity and emotion than Dallas did. *But*, the Cowboys' days in the sun over? No way! Dallas has the best organization, bar none—witness its participation in 16 of the last 17 playoffs. The rest of the league is striving merely for parity with the Cowboys, so don't dry-dock this ship yet! All Dallas needs is enthusiasm.

HOWARD TEAGUE
Waynesville, Mo

Sir

Ralph Wiley's piece on the scalping of America's Team was a delight. What you're hearing, sports fans, is the sound of a dynasty crumbling, and a sweet sound it is to us Anybody-But-Dallas fans. How do I spell relief? R-E-D-S-K-I-N-S!

THE REV. LOUIS E. LOTZ
Sioux City, Iowa

DARRYL GRANT'S TD

Sir

Heartfelt thanks from all of us linemen across the country. It was fantastic to see Washington Defensive Tackle Darryl Grant's post-touchdown spike on your Jan. 31 cover. The lineman's dream of scoring a touchdown was beautifully portrayed. It's also good to see that a lineman can be a cover subject once in a while, instead of another one of those "superstar" running backs.

BOB KELLY
Guard
DePauw University
Greencastle, Ind.

FAN VIOLENCE

Sir

I agree wholeheartedly with the observations made in the article by Bil Gilbert and Lisa Twyman about fan violence (*Violence Out of Hand in the Stands*, Jan. 31). I gave up my season tickets to San Diego Charger games because the section in which I was seated became a combat zone. It makes me sick to watch drunken fans ruining the game for all those around them.

As a former college football and track athlete, I know that the players themselves don't help matters much with their overly aggressive behavior, like the obvious showboating and taunting that take place after almost every good play. Maybe many of today's so-called stars should watch game films of Merlin Olsen, Dick Butkus or Jim Brown and see how the real superstars acted. It takes more than stirring the crowd into a frenzy after a sack to make it into the Hall of Fame.

Also, I think the media should take some of the blame for promoting fan violence. Your Jan. 31 cover shot of Darryl Grant spiking the ball encourages this behavior in younger players. Did Brown ever spike a ball? It seems that it isn't enough anymore to be a fine athlete, you must also be colorful. Cameras follow players like the Jets' ultra-demonstrative defensive end, Mark Gastineau, not just because of his obvious skills, but in hopes he will perform for the crowd. Some unruly fans identify with this playing-field behavior, and often the result is violence.

WILLIAM B. JONES
San Diego

Sir

As an avid sports fan, I found the article on violence in the stands interesting and alarming. It was interesting to learn that the brutality that occurs on the ice in hockey does not seem to cause a significant increase in violence in the stands, but it was alarming to discover that team owners know what booze does to fans yet still allow it, because booze means money.

Banning alcohol at all sporting events would be fine with me. There is nothing worse than sitting in the stands amid fans who are so boozed up they don't care about the game anymore.

JUNE E. COOLEY
San Jose, Calif.

Sir

Show me a spectator who is happy to be losing his bet and I will show you a non-violent spectator! Doesn't gambling add fuel to violence? Many fans arrive at events, particularly in the pros, facing a dilemma of their own creation. They want their team or man to win, but they don't want to lose their bet. This is a significant part of the problem of crowd behavior, yet no mention of this was made in your article. A lot could be written about the influence and effect of the point spread on how fans act at sporting events.

COOPER E. TAYLOR JR.
Atlanta

Sir

I was disgusted to read a suggestion by Dr. John Cheffers that hockey may be moving in the direction of the "giggle sports," such as

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pro wrestling and Roller Derby. A few years ago I might have gone along with Cheffers' theories, but these days they just don't wash. With the help of many talented young players—most prominent among them SI's 1982 Sportsman of the Year, Wayne Gretzky—and recent rule changes regarding violence, hockey is again becoming a fast-paced, artistic sport. NHL President John Ziegler may be slow to move, but his actions have had effect.

Furthermore, Cheffers' speculations about the relationship between violence on the ice and the relative mannerlinc ss of the spectators are an insult to hockey fans. Could it be that most hockey spectators are simply intelligent enough to see that fan violence is useless and unnecessary?

Forget about *Slap Shot*, Dr. Cheffers. Things have changed.

VALERIE HOCHSCHILD
Kingsville, Ohio

Sir:

I'm one of the spectators at the Kentucky Derby each year who are appalled to witness the plucking, trampling and brazen destruction of hundreds of the tulips that grace Churchill Downs. Dr. John Cheffers had best look beyond the flora to find the "seeds of fan restraint."

JOHN STEFFEN
Genoa City, Wis.

Sir:

Give Bil Gilbert and Lisa Twyman high marks in sociology and psychology but a low one in history. Riotous chariot races did occur during the reign of Justinian. However, the year was 532 A.D., not 532 B.C. as stated. At about the same time, the famous Byzantine emperor codified the laws that provide the legal basis for curbing many types of antisocial behavior by Western man and fan.

JOSEPH F. GORDEN
Arnold, Md.

Sir:

I had to laugh at Bill Veeck's comment concerning George Steinbrenner's influence on violence in the stands. Wasn't it Veeck whose Disco Demolition Night resulted in the crowd's invading the playing field and the forfeit of the second game of a doubleheader at Comiskey Park a few years back?

JOSE GREGORI
Astoria, N.Y.

• Yes, on July 12, 1979.—ED.

JAMES MADISON'S EHLERS

Sir:

I read with great interest your recent article about Coach Lou Campanelli of James Madison University (*Madison's Ave. to Success*, Dec. 27-Jan. 3). In it, brief mention was made of Madison's athletic director, Dean Ehlers. If he's the same Dean Ehlers I remember from my youth, Campanelli would do well to consult him about shooting if the Dukes ever fall into a scoring slump. Ehlers was a basketball legend in southern Illinois during the

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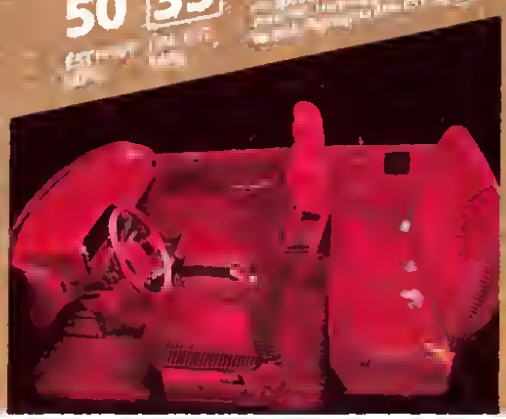

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WHY I'M A UNITED WAY VOLUNTEER

STEPHEN GRAHAM [redacted]

Home: Seattle, Washington

Career: Attorney

Age: 29 **Married:** One daughter

Interests: Hiking, writing, cartooning, bicycling and volunteering for United Way

[redacted]

"Because there's more to my life than just me.

"Like being with my family. Hiking along the timberline. And getting involved in my community.

"Volunteering for United Way adds another dimension to my life. I'm putting my skills to work for the benefit of the entire community. And I'm meeting all kinds of people who are doing the same.

"Most important of all, I'm learning more about human care needs. And how—as a United Way volunteer—I can make a difference here in Seattle. It's a valuable lesson in leadership.

"By helping shape my community's future, through United Way, I'm more than just living my life. I'm fulfilling it."

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Ad Council

mid-'40s, and the only reason he didn't get more ink was that he played for a very small rural high school and was following in the wake of stars like Dike Eddleman and the Whiz Kids of Illinois.

When I was a junior high school student in Murphysboro, down in the Little Egypt area of southern Illinois, my mother took a wartime substitute-teaching job at Campbell Hill High, where Ehlers was a student. Like most kids my age in Illinois at that time, I was a basketball nut, and for the two years my mom taught at Campbell Hill, I watched Ehlers perform hardwood miracles. He could make 'em from three to 30 feet out and anywhere in between, and he routinely scored 30 or 40 points a game. He even scored 60 or more a couple of times. Remember, this was in an era when—and in an area where—team scoring averages were usually in the 40s and 50s. Ehlers was about 6′ 2″, maybe a little taller, blond, handsome and, as my mother tells it, a model student, leader and athlete. I believe he played college ball at Central, now Central Methodist, in Missouri and later coached at Memphis State. That's the last I'd heard about him until your story about James Madison.

In any case, he was one of the best high school players I've ever seen, and he was the first real jump-shooter in our end of the state. He was my boyhood idol, and it's nice to see he's still in the game.

BOB HARDY
Springfield, Ill.

• Ehlers is one and the same.—ED.

CHAMINADE'S LOPES

Sir:

When I heard of Chaminade's incredible upset over Virginia (*Very Small but Very Deadly*, Jan. 10), I was shocked but not surprised. From 1962 to '65, I was fortunate enough to play for Merv Lopes at Kailua High. He was a strict fundamentalist even then, and a superb strategist.

In 1965 Kailua went to the eight-team state tournament as seventh seed and without three of its starters, who were suspended for misconduct. Using a matchup zone and a tightly patterned offense, Kailua upset St. Joseph's of Hilo and St. Louis of Honolulu to reach the finals, against Kamehameha, where we lost by something like 55–49.

Things haven't changed much since then. Lopes still stresses defense, gets 110% out of his players and is still without his own gym—in those three seasons at Kailua, we practiced and played our home games at Castle High, our crosstown rival.

JOHN FUNK
Kailua, Hawaii

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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